Early Days of Fort Scott.

C. W. GOODLANDER.

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MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS

Of

C. W. GOODLANDER

Of the

EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT

From April 29, 1858, to January 1, 1870, Covering the time prior to the advent of the Railroad and during the days of the ox-team and stage transportation.

And biographies of Col. H. T. Wilson and Geo. A. Crawford, the fathers of Fort Scott.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.
MONITOR PRINTING CO.
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Dedicated to the early settlers of Bourbon County, Kansas.

Life
John F. Nelson
B. 2-1-11

MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT.

About the first of May, 1855, I took Horace Greeley's advice: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country," and left my native town of Milton, Pennsylvania. I first stopped some four months in LaPorte, Indiana, and went from there to Dixon, Illinois, where I stayed some four months. On the first day of December in company with a fellow-carpenter I went to Fulton City, Illinois, on the Mississippi River, with the intention of taking a boat for New Orleans. The day before we got there the last boat for the season went down the river, so we stopped at Fulton City and went to work at our trade of carpentering on a large hotel that was being built there, called the Dement House. I stayed at Fulton City until September, 1857, when I went to St. Louis, and was there until the second day of December, when I engaged passage on a boat for Pittsburg. The same day I went up to the old Planters Hotel to get my dinner before leaving, and in the hotel I met George A. Crawford, having become acquainted with him in Illinois during the spring of '57. He says to me: "Come, go along to Fort Scott; I and some others have started a good town there." I told Mr. Crawford

my intention was to go west and get ahead of the railroads, so as to get me a cheap farm, but I had paid my passage to go back east and spend the winter with my mother before going further west, but I promised him to come to Fort Scott the following spring.

I went to my old home and during the winter and until late spring it was a question in my mind whether to settle down in my old home or go further west than I had been before. At last, about the middle of April, my desire to go west again conquered, and besides I felt that I should keep my promise to Crawford to go to Fort Scott. So between my promise to Crawford and the desire to again obey Greeley's advice I left my old home for Fort Scott, coming west by rail to St. Louis, and from there I took a boat for Kansas City, via the Missouri River. Arriving at Kansas City on the evening of the 27th day of April, 1858, and taking my tool chest from the boat I put it in the commission house of Crowell Bros., and then went to the Gillis Hotel, situated on the levee (the principal hotel in Kansas City at that time). I remained there all night, and the next morning looked up the stage office, which was then located in the basement of what I now remember as the Watkins bank building, on Second and Main Streets. I learned that the stage line had only been established some few days and was getting very few passengers. I engaged passage for which I paid $15.00, and found that I was the only passenger for Fort Scott, but I had one companion, a Mr. Squires,

who was taking out express for the first time,—in fact it was he who established the express line.

The stage left the office about eight o'clock in the morning, and the route was along Main Street to Thirteenth Street, where they crossed lots to Grand Avenue. Kansas City then, I should judge, was a town of some three thousand inhabitants. The east and west bottoms were covered with heavy timber, as were the hills on either side of Main Street and Kansas City at that time consisted almost entirely of the levee and Main Street. From Kansas City we went to Westport. Westport at that time showed more life than Kansas City, as it was the starting place for all freight going out on the Santa Fe trail for Santa Fe, New Mexico. This freight would be hauled from the Kansas City landing, and then reloaded at Westport for the long trip it had to be hauled, and started out from there in regular trains of wagons hauled by oxen,—probably twenty to thirty wagons hauled by eight to ten yoke of oxen to the wagon. The drivers of these wagons were under the control or lead of what was called the wagon boss, or you might say, conductor, whose word was law. These men were selected for their intelligence, bravery and efficiency for the position. The drivers of the wagons were a mixed set, greasers predominating.

From Westport we went to Shawnee Mission, now Merriam. A few miles from Shawnee Mission we struck the prairie, and from there on we saw few settlements. At noon we stopped at a place called Squiresville for dinner, which place

consisted of one store, one dwelling house, blacksmith shop and stage stable. The dinner consisted of salt pork, beans, dried apples and coffee. Squiresville was near, I think, where the town of Olathe is now situated. After leaving Squiresville the settlements became more scattering. We reached Osawatomie in the evening and put up there for the night. This was the largest town between Kansas City and Fort Scott, and it was not much to brag of as a town.

We got an early start next morning and reached Moneka for dinner, a point some few miles north of the present Mound City. The dinner at Moneka was not much of an improvement over that at Squiresville, as it consisted mostly of vegetables. By the way, the people who settled this town were vegetarians and the women wore bloomer costumes. About all the inhabitants were named Wattles. The town was about the size of Squiresville. The stage rolled away from Moneka at early noon. The driver said he would get to Fort Scott at six o'clock. We crossed the Osage at a place called Rayville, and crossed the Marmaton at the old Military Ford, at the mouth of Mill Creek. We came up into Fort Scott from the river bottom about where National Avenue now is, and from there went over to the fort buildings, stopping at what was then known as the Free State hotel, which is the building that Squire Margrave now occupies as a residence. It had been one of the officers' quarters of the fort. As the stage rolled up all the occupants of the hotel were on the sidewalk to receive the new arrivals.

Officers' Quarters, Fort Scott; Built 1843; Vacated by Government 1855; Occupied 1858 by Citizens as here named.

Free State Hotel.

Col. Wilson and Sam. William

Gov. Ransom and Alex. McDonald.

Geo. Clark and Willis Ransom.

There were two parties in the small crowd whom I knew before I came to Fort Scott,—they were George A. Crawford and William Gallagher. They soon made me at home and acquainted with the balance of the boys. The persons who were in the crowd to welcome newcomers were, as I remember, George A. Crawford, William Gallagher, Ben McDonald, Ed Smith, Bill Bentley, Charley Bull, Burns Gordon, Charley Dimond, Jim Jones, Tom Roberts, Ed Bonen and Joe Ray. After congratulations were over Ray called me aside and said: "You appear to be a nice kind of a fellow, come along and I will set up the drinks." I walked off with him, going down the sidewalk along the present row of buildings facing the plaza, and then across the plaza to the house east of the present calaboose, where a saloon was kept by a man named Head. This building had been the wagon scale house for fort purposes. On the way to the saloon Joe felt around in his pocket and said: "By the way, friend, I have no money; will you lend me a quarter?" I reached in my pocket and got out an old worn quarter, which in those days was only worth twenty-two and a half cents, and by the way, it was the only money I had left after paying my fare and expenses to Fort Scott, and handed it to him, not letting him know but what I had plenty of money. In after years when speaking to Joe about paying me back the twenty-five cents he would say I passed twenty-two and a half cents off on him for a quarter and he threatened to have me arrested, but he never did pay it back to me. Joe proved to be the wag

of the town. From Head's saloon I went back to the hotel and became a full-fledged boarder. After getting my supper, I made inquiry among the boys as to the prospect of getting work at my trade. They said there was not much going on, but after a few days I could probably find something to do. This was not very encouraging to me, as I had to earn something for I was dead broke. At bed time George Crawford said: "You can come and sleep with me:" and as we went to bed he said, "Here is a gun, lay it alongside of you." I said: "What's that for?" "Oh," he said, "we may be attacked by the Jayhawkers before morning, and you must use it." "Well," I said, "I am into it now, and I will do as the balance of you do." The next morning I thought I would make myself acquainted with the town, and what the boys at the hotel did. I found that Col. Campbell, father of Albert Campbell, was landlord of the hotel. William Gallagher was hotel clerk and postmaster, and by the way, I think Gallagher started the first free delivery mail system in America. He used to carry the letters around in his hat, and as he met the boys gave them their mail. George A. Crawford was president of the town company, and Ben McDonald and Ed Smith had something to do with it, as Ed was a surveyor and Ben was his assistant to carry the ax and drive stakes. Ben looked like the dude of the crowd. He wore a Daniel Webster blue coat, with brass buttons. Burns Gordon and Joe Ray clerked for Col. Wilson. Jim Jones was editor of the Fort Scott Democrat, and Char-

ley Bull was boss printer. Ed Bowen and Alex McDonald ran a saw-mill: Bill Bentley had charge of the vantuan game that the boys played when they were not at work, and the latter they did not do much of. A. R. Allison was the undertaker; Charley Dimond was the democratic politician and Tom Roberts the republican politician. These two did most of the talking.

My recollection of the town as it was when I came is that the four officers' quarters now stand as they stood the day I came. At the west end from where Squire Margrave lives was a one-story building, called the ordnance building. At the other end of the row of the officers' quarters was a one-story building, where the Lyons property now stands, called the commissary building. Out on the bluff on the east was a corrall for the live stock of the government, and on the side of the hill was a corn mill operated by horse power. On the east side of the Plaza where the Hawley houses now stand were the soldiers' quarters, and on the west side of the Plaza, where Brown's lumber yard now stands, were also soldiers' quarters. Where the Western Barn now is was a cavalry stable two hundred feet long. On the south side in the rear of Dilworth's hardware store was another soldiers' quarters. This building was occupied for hotel purposes and was called the Pro-Slavery Hotel. The building now occupied as Mrs. Terry's 'bus barn was the hospital, and the building occupied by the calaboose was the fort guard-house. Over the well on the Plaza was a fine canopy of Doric architecture, and on the

Plaza opposite stood an octagon brick and stone magazine. This completes my recollection of the fort as it was then.

As to what there was of Fort Scott at that time outside of the fort was the town company's office, the printing office in second story, on the lot across the alley from Bamberger's, facing on what is at present Market Street. Some two or three lots farther west on Market Street was a one and one-half story building owned by John S. Cawkins, an old bachelor, and farther west on Market Street, about where Prichard's drug store now stands, was a store owned by Dr. Bills. This building fronted both on Market Street and the fort grounds. It was occupied as a general store. Still farther west was the baker shop of Dutch Schubert, about where O'Brien's harness shop is now. About where the Star Hotel stood was a double log house occupied by H. T. Wilson as a store, which had been the sutler's store of the post. On the corner of National Avenue and First Street, where the feed store now is, was what was called Fort Roach, occupied by Roach and his family. Diagonally across the street, on the same lot which the Tribune now occupies, stood a house about half finished, the builder having fallen by the wayside for the want of funds. Out about where the Presbyterian Church now stands was what was known as the government field. Where stands what is known as the Robley building, occupied by W. C. Gunn, was a blacksmith shop, belonging to a man named Kelly. Back north of the fort building was a log house in

Scale House of the Fort as it looks to-day, where the first Saloon was and where Joe Ray treated Goodlander.

which Squire Margrave lived. This was all that comprised the town west of Buck Run, except the saw mill put up by Alex McDonald and Ed Bowen and it stood about on First and Ransom Streets. Among the buildings that I recollect as being over on what is called the East Side, there was a house somewhere near First and Margrave occupied by Charles Haynes and family. This house had its sides as well as its roof shingled, and being a carpenter my attention was called particularly to that fact. The only other house that I recollect of on the East Side was occupied by a man named Winfield, and stood about in the neighborhood of Engineer Fisher's house on Wall Street. The ground between where the Tremont House stands and the bluff where Fisher's house is located was densely covered with trees and underbrush. There was only a pathway from the Haynes house and the Winfield house to the west part of town at that time. Those who were then living here, as I recollect, besides the parties mentioned who were at the Free State Hotel, were Governor Ransom and wife, Judge Joe Williams and family, George W. Clark and family, C. H. Haynes and family, H. T. Wilson and family, Squire Margrave and family, T.W. Tallman and family, Dr. Couch and family, B. F. Riggins and family, Blake Little and family, Dr. Bills and family, Old Roach and family, Widow Cooper, Jack Harris and family, Squire Bullock and family, Bill Linn, J. S Cawkins, Salmon P. Hall, Kelly, the blacksmith, Charles Osbun, Ed Wiggins, and some freaks,—Giant Symms, No Hand Casey, Bird-face Price,

Hunch-back George, Skeleton Funk, the fisherman, and garrulous Dutch Schubert, the baker. Joe Ray used to say that it would be a good business venture to take this gang and travel as a side show to show the proportion of freaks to the inhabitants of Fort Scott at that time. As far as I can recollect the population was only increased during the year of 1858 by the following arrivals early in May,—George Dimond, A. F. Bicking and Dick Phillips, all partners. Also in the same month came Alex McDonald and wife, (he had been here before and went back for his family), Uncle Billy Smith and family, Jack White, Bill Dennison, Soul Eaton, and in June came C. F. Drake, and later on Ed Marble. As far as I can recollect this comprises the arrivals of 1858 after my arrival. Drake was a tinner by trade and opened up a tinker's shop. He was rather a quiet sort of a fellow, a neat dresser, and what you would call a pretty man,—slim and trim. He was rather backward and did not mix much with the boys at first, and the boys made up their minds that he was not cut out for a frontier town until one day the boys were having a frolic and Drake was standing by enjoying what was going on. The boys were trying the strength of their arms by holding out a bar of iron, and Drake becoming a little bold says "Let me try it" and stepped forward. The burly fellows like Joe Ray, Charley Bull and others chuckled in their sleeves that a fellow the build of Drake should undertake to do what they could not do. Drake took hold of the bar of iron and held it out at arm's length.

The boys were all surprised and from that day they took Drake into full fellowship and pronounced him one of the boys. Drake having used the muscles of his arms pounding metal at his trade had developed them more than the other boys. Ed Marble opened up the first shoemaker's shop here.

The politics of the inhabitants at that time was border ruffian, pro-slavery democrats and free state democrats. There were only two republicans —Tom Roberts and Old Roach. The free state and pro-slavery democrats were about equal in number. The border ruffian element, sometimes here and sometimes away, were Ben Hill, Brockett, two Hamiltons, Rufe Roach and Joe Price. There were others, but I do not remember their names. Some of these border ruffians, as well as some of the quiet pro-slavery men from the South, including Sims, Fisherman Funk and others, that did not approve of lawlessness, were sent here from the South by a man by the name of Titus, (we used to call them Titus' men) to help make Kansas a slave state, the same as men sent from the New England states to the north part of Kansas to make it a free state. In 1890 I was in Jacksonville, Florida, and was introduced to a gentleman as being from Fort Scott, Kansas. "Why," he says, "that is the point in Kansas that my old friend Titus from Georgia sent men to help whip out the Yankees." I says, "Yes, I knew them, and if they were a sample of your Georgia people you had better kept them at home, as they did not make a very good record for the reputation of Georgia."

Most all the inhabitants lived in the old fort buildings. The soldiers quarter's on the south side of the square in the rear of Dilworth's store was then called the Pro-Slavery Hotel, and was kept by Jack Harris and Bill Linn. The foregoing comprises my recollection of the inhabitants of Fort Scott in 1858.

It was Thursday evening when I arrived at Fort Scott. On the next day I had a conversation with George A. Crawford with reference to my future welfare. He says, "Charley, the first thing you do is to pick out a claim, as all the boys have their claims." By the way, the land here had not been surveyed by the government, and was not until 1860. Some of the boys said they knew of a claim that a party had taken who had left the country. This claim was a half mile west of the present Harmon Catt farm. The manner of taking a claim was to lay four logs in the form of a square, so I went out and moved the old logs some fifty feet and laid the new foundation, as we called it then, a new right to the land. This foundation was supposed to hold the claim for a short time. Before this time ran out, if you wanted to pre-empt the land you had to build a house or a shanty some ten or twelve feet square, and make it your home or call it your home and live there off and on for six months before you could use your pre-emption right. Before my foundation right run out I had a load of lumber, mostly slabs picked up at McDonald and Bowen's mill, hauled out and made a bargain with A. F. Bicking to come out and help me build the shanty. I took

View of the parade ground of the fort. Hospital Building in the foreground, Magazine to the right and canopy over well to the left.

my dinner with me and went out to build my shanty, but Bicking failed to keep his contract, and as I had no help I came away and never did build the shanty or use my pre-emption right, and afterwards made up my mind that when the land sales came later on I would enter the land, as I found that owing to the border ruffianism and Jayhawk troubles there was not likely to be many people here to buy land at the land sales that came in the fall of 1860. In the meantime I had bought, by giving my note to John Kaufman, of Milton, Pa., an old soldier of the war of 1812, a land warrant for 160 acres,—so I paid for my 160 acres with this warrant, and at last got myself a farm, which was the height of my ambition when I left my Pennsylvania home.

As I was settling my claim on the 31st day of May, Saturday, I made inquiry for something to do. On Sunday, J. S. Cawkins, who was then carrying the mail from here to Coffeechee, forty miles west on the Neosho river, said, "I am sick and can't make the trip this week," and asked me to make the trip for him, and said that he would furnish me a horse and sulky and pay me five dollars for the trip, which I could make in two days. I jumped at the offer, so on Monday, May 2nd, I started out with an old roan horse, rope harness and an old sulky. I was told to stop at Turkey Creek, near where Uniontown now stands, and have the postmaster there take the mail bag and get what mail there was for that post office. I drove up about noon and saw a woman washing and asked her if the postmaster was in. She says

"I will attend to it." In after years I found this house was where Judge Holt lived, who later became a prominent citizen of the county. She opened the mail bag and behold, all the mail there was in the bag was one copy of Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, and it was for the postmaster of Coffeechee—so it cost the government five dollars to deliver Horace Greeley's brains to Buchanan's postmaster at Coffeechee. After leaving Turkey Creek the roads forked, one road led to Leroy and the other Coffeechee. When I got a mile west of the forks of the road my old horse balked and would not go any farther, so I thought I would let him graze awhile and likely he would then go on. I laid down on a gopher hill for about an hour and then tried to get him to go, but he would not move. I was in a dilemma, not knowing what to do. I turned the horse around with his head towards Turkey Creek to see if he would go that direction and found he would. As it was getting late and I had some fifteen miles yet to make to reach Coffeechee and fearing that I would have to lay out all night on the wild prairie I decided to go back to Turkey Creek and stay all night and take a new start in the morning. I started my horse and jumped into the sulky. The old horse went back as though he enjoyed it, showing he would rather go east than west. I reached Turkey Creek and the postmaster whom I stopped with says, "What is the matter?" and I said, "My horse would not go west and I came to stay with you tonight and make a new start in the morning."

In the morning I said to the postmaster, "Will you please keep my horse until I return." "Why, boy, what do you mean?" he says. I says, "I won't be bothered any more with that horse, it don't like to go west; I will take the mail bag and foot it to Coffeechee; I have got the whole day before me and horse or no horse I am bound to carry this mail according to contract." "Oh," he says, "you are foolish, take the horse and try it again," and he persuaded me to do so. I did, but behold, when I got to the same gopher hill the horse stopped again. The point where he stopped was just at the foot of a rise in the prairie, so I took hold of the bridle and finding that he would lead I led him up the hill and when he commenced going down on the other side I started him off on a walk and jumped in the rear of the sulky so he should not see me and away he went without any more trouble. Reaching Coffeechee about five o'clock dry and hungry, having been over ten hours going some twenty odd miles—having traveled fully thirty miles on account of losing my way amongst the breaks in the prairie bordering the Neosho river, I drove up to the hotel, store, dwelling house and postoffice all combined, and handed the postmaster the mail bag, feeling proud that I had so far finished my contract. All there was of Coffeechee was a combined hotel, dwelling house and store building, and the universal blacksmith shop and a small shanty or two. The usual loungers' flat rail was found in front of the hotel. After supper as I was sitting on this rail a man rode up on a horse and tied him to this rail and

went into the store. He had not been gone ten minutes before another man came up and unhitched the horse and rode him off east. I thought there was nothing peculiar in the incident, until a few minutes later when the man who tied the horse there came out and said, "Young man, where is my horse." "There he goes," I said, pointing east, "I guess one of your friends is playing a joke on you." He ripped out an oath and said a thief was stealing his horse. He fussed around and got another horse and started away after his. I began to think I had gotten into a hard country. As I had a pistol which I had borrowed from Ben McDonald, never having carried a pistol before or since, I went down on the banks of Neosho river to practice. On my return to the hotel I found that the fellow who had gone after his horse had come back and claimed that the thief had gotten away and showed a hole in his horse's ear, saying that the thief had shot at him and that he had a close call. He had a great deal to say in the store that evening. He saw I had a pistol and bantered me to a trade. I said, "It is not mine," and he said, "Young man, don't be too honest, trade it off and get one of your own; that is the way to prosper on the frontier."

The following fall I met a party from Coffeechee and told him the horse thief incident. He says, "Oh, I will explain that; there was a gang of horse thieves stealing horses in the Verdigris river country, and the program was for one man to ride a horse into town the same way that this happened, when another of the gang would be on hand

to ride him away, as the fellow did at Coffeechee.'' I left Coffeechee next morning, Wednesday, and as my horse liked going east better than going west, I got back to Fort Scott Wednesday night with my face all blistered up by the sun, as I wore an oil cloth glazed cap; having expended $2.50 for expense I had $2.50 left, the first money I had earned in Kansas.

At that time there was no settlement between here and the Neosho river, except Turkey Creek. When I returned to Fort Scott the United States Court was in session, and Jim Jones, acting as marshal summoned me as a juryman. Judge Joe Williams held United States Court here twice a year, and as the jurymen summoned from a distance hardly ever came it was a soft snap for the boys each spring and fall to get to be jurymen and draw two dollars a day. The principal business of the court was Indian business. As the court held eleven days I got $22.00, paid in script. This I turned over to Colonel Campbell to pay for my board, so the first money I earned in Kansas was from the government crib. Then I looked around for something to do at my trade. William Gallagher concluded to move the postoffice from the hotel to the first story of the town company building, and I made arrangements with him at $3.00 a day to fix up the office. The job lasted ten days. I carried the lumber for the work from the saw mill on my back. I made the boxes of walnut lumber, as that is the best we had in those days for that kind of work. To get lumber suitable to make a batting door which was needed in the

building I had to use six different kinds of lumber. After the postoffice was fitted up Gallagher and I slept there for some months during the summer of 1858. All we had for bed clothes was the mail bags and a sheet or two. When the sheets got dirty we burned them instead of getting them washed. After getting the postoffice work finished I picked up odd jobs for a while.

Early in the fall Bachelor Cawkins told me I could put a cot in the first floor of his house where he slept. As this was a good change from the post office quarters I accepted the offer. So I was a room mate of Bachelor Cawkins for some months. He and I got along very nicely together. That fall I got the chills pretty hard and Brother Cawkins gave me some medicine that he said would knock it, and he had me standing on my head for a couple of days, but, you bet, it did the business. Ed. Bowen used to keep a bottle of whiskey with Cawkins, and as he passed morning, noon and night on his way from the mill to the hotel he would stop and get his toddy. In the second story of Cawkins' building Mrs. Haynes had a small school of children that she used to come over from her home in the brush on the other side of Buck Run to teach. Old Cawkins liked to be quite a ladies' man, but he had some wheels in his head on that subject.

On June 1st I commenced to build myself a shop and called myself a full fledged contractor. This shop was built where the building now stands that was occupied by The Monitor, on Scott avenue.

JENNIE ROBINSON.

The First White Child Born in Fort Scott. The Oldest Daughter of H. T. Wilson, was the Wife of Mayor Ray and Late Wife of W. R. Robinson. Died November 4, 1896.

About this time Ben McDonald and Al. Campbell, capitalists, concluded to build a house and contracted with me to boss the job at $3.00 a day, and they were to be the carpenters to help on the job. This house was built where the present Hill block is, and at that time was away out on a cheap lot and you can bet it was a cheap house. Campbell made the shingles for the house. McDonald and Campbell were both very crude carpenters. Ben did not like the idea of getting on a scaffold, and he proposed that he would cut the siding while I nailed it on. Ben was a great fellow to shirk hard work or danger.

The next job I got was a contract to build a house for Dr. Bills, with whom I boarded at this time. I was to take my pay in board and fruit trees, which I was going to set out on my claim. This house was built on the lot where the Lotterer Building now stands, and is now occupied by Cheap Charley. In later years Charley Drake moved this house to the lot where Randolph's store now stands. Drake lived there until he built his present home. In the fall of the year I contracted to build what was then considered a large building for Ben Riggins, for a store house, on the lot where the present McCord Building stands, on the corner of Market and Lincoln Streets. This was a full two-story building, 16x20, and my profits on this job placed me on a fair road to riches. To make the sash and doors for the front I had some old walnut columns which were left from the old fort buildings taken to the saw mill and made into two inch lumber. I finished this building in

December. To the best of my recollection the buildings here mentioned were all that were built in 1858, except the house which Uncle Billy Smith built for himself, at the corner of Scott Avenue and First Street, where Bearman's mattress factory is now located.

Incidents that occur to my recollection during the year of 1858 were as follows: The day before I came to Fort Scott the border ruffian crowd ordered George A. Crawford, William Gallagher and Charley Dimond, free state democrats, to leave town, under penalty of death if they did not. They did not leave, nor did they get killed. The same crowd of border ruffians, after the Marias des Cygnes massacre in Linn County, which occurred a short time after my arrival, in which there is every reason to believe they took part, left the country for the country's good. This massacre was one of the most cold blooded and brutal affairs that occurred on the Missouri and Kansas border during these times. These border ruffians, it appears, gave Kansas a parting blow before they left the country, went into the eastern part of Linn County, near the Marias des Cygnes River and took some dozen innocent men prisoners and stood them up in a row and shot them down in cold blood, killing all but a couple, who feigned death and escaped. Among the associates of these border ruffians was a very small man by the name of Joe Price, who had a disfigured face that looked so much like a bird, that old John Brown who had him a prisoner at one time at Osawatomie

gave him the name of Arkansas Snipe, he being from Arkansas, which name stuck to him as long as I knew him.

There were continual rumors that the Jayhawkers were coming to burn the town. One Sunday, I think it was in June, a crowd of some sixty men, headed by John Hamilton, came rushing across the Plaza to General Clark's house, which is now known as the Blair house, to arrest said Clark,—for what cause I do not remember. At that time there was a battery company, commanded by Lieutenant Finch, camped about the south side of Market Square. Lieutenant Finch interfered with the crowd and took General Clark from them and said he would be responsible for him. General Clark was the receiver of the United States land office and claimed the protection of the government troops. The crowd left town without any more demonstrations.

A few days after this Sunday raid we received word from the Jayhawkers to meet at Rayville on the Osage to attend a meeting of the citizens of Bourbon County to try and adjust the troubles that were going on. All the free state boys that were here and who could get a horse to ride under the leadership of Jim Jones, went up there, and met quite a crowd. Jim was the spokesman for our side, and Montgomery for the other side, assisted by a large blacksmith,—don't remember his name,—who had more to say than Montgomery did. The Montgomery party beat us on every vote that was taken on motions and resolutions proposed. The vote was taken by the crowd divid-

ing. We were outvoted three to one, so we left without anything being accomplished to settle the trouble, and we rode home feeling that we had done our duty.

About a month after this meeting at Rayville Governor Denver came to Fort Scott to see if he could not quiet the troubles in this county. He had given notice of his coming and most all the settlers of the county came to attend the meeting. Denver, after making quite a conciliatory speech, asked all the old county officers to resign and have the people select whom they wanted for officers in their place. He then appointed the parties selected by the people for office, and after his return to LeCompton, then the state capital, sent them their commissions. This was called the "Denver Compromise," but this compromise did not last long, as the following incidents prove that the Jayhawkers were still alive and full of mischief.

Later on in the summer Montgomery's gang ran a load of hay up against the west side of the Pro-Slavery hotel and applied a lighted torch to it and rode away and then to keep anyone from extinguishing the fire kept up a continual firing at it until it burned up. The siding of the building being thick oak lumber, the hay outside burned so quickly that it did not set the building on fire. Montgomery's men fired from long range with their Sharp rifles from a point west of the Star hotel, where there was a lot of timber to conceal them, but left immediately after the hay burned up.

In July, 1858, while I was building my shop, and before it was completed, I had a shed at one

side to work under and had got an order to make a coffin among other odd jobs that I had to do. This coffin was for a man by the name of Hart. I made the coffin of green walnut lumber and covered it with alpaca. In those days this was considered a fine job. I had stood the coffin up against the side of my shop. That night there came up a terrible thunder storm, and about midnight, thinking the coffin I had made might blow over and roll out from under the shed and get wet, and that I would have to re-cover it, to save it, so, determined to see if the coffin was safe, I went boldly down to the shop. It was so dark I could only see when the lightning flashed. Upon arriving there I found that the coffin, as I feared, had blown over and I only got there in time to save it. It being very heavy, it was just as much as I could do to get it into a safe position. While there, all I thought of was to save my work, but when I got through and started away, the situation flashed on my mind and I became so frightened and shook so that I could hardly walk to my room.

When I came to Fort Scott the Osage Indian tribe was located at Osage Mission, now St. Paul, some thirty-eight miles southwest from Fort Scott. The summer of '58, members of that tribe used to come to Fort Scott to sell their ponies and robes and do their trading. They would close out their stock at so many buttons, each button representing one dollar in money, then they would buy what goods they wanted at one dollar's worth at a time until they had traded up all the bullion they had got for their ponies and robes. The bucks

were fine specimens of large, healthy looking fellows; the squaws not so imposing looking as the bucks, but did all the work of taking charge of the goods and packing the ponies. The young bucks, or sports of the tribe, were pretty lively at times—especially when they got hold of fire-water. They were inveterate gamblers. I have seen them sitting on the banks of the Marmaton, playing poker, using tobacco, jack knives, belts, beads or any other article they might possess as stakes. Several times during the year 1858 to 1860, the Osages came and gave us their Indian dances on the fort parade, which is now called the Plaza. It was not long until a lot of our boys became expert Indian dancers, and at some of our jubilees, especially after fire-water had flown freely, went through all the phases of the Indian dance. They could discount the Indians, especially as to the length of time dancing. Bill Norway, Ken Williams and myself were generally the leaders in these Indian dances, and George Clark beat the tom tom. These dances were held quite frequently, especially for the tender-feet that came among us.

The first grave yard was one that the fort military had established for burying the dead of the fort, and was located at what is now the junction of West Wall and Lowman Streets. The McKay property was about the center of the yard. There were quite a number of graves in it when I came here. There was one in particular which drew my attention, it was marked with quite an elaborate sand stone monument, and it was the grave of a sergeant born in Northumberland

William Norway, born in New York state, came to Fort Scott June, 1859, now living in Santa Barbara, California. The leader of the Indian dances and the first elected county surveyor of Bourbon County, Kas.

County, the same county I came from in Pennsylvania. There were a few citizens buried here after I came until about the middle sixties, when there was a burying ground laid out where the National Cemetery is now. It was controlled by the Presbyterian Church and called the Presbyterian burying ground, the citizens who had been buried in the fort grave yard who had friends were removed to this burying ground, and those who did not, their bones, with the soldiers buried there are still moldering under the ground in that part of the city, which is now called Quality Hill. The Presbyterian grave yard, as it was called, after the war broke out, was used by the government, for the burial of soldiers who died here, and by the end of the war was well patronized. Shortly after the war closed this burying ground, with some addition to it, was bought by the government which located a National Cemetery there. It is to-day one of the finest cemeteries in the west. Citizens who were buried here were moved to the present Evergreen Cemetery, that was established in 1865. I will here recite a little incident that occurred at the old Government Burying Ground: A little hunch-back whom we used to call Hunchback George had a shooting gallery in an unfinished building on the corner of National avenue and First street. He died suddenly in 1859, and we put him in the coffin in the clothes in which he died, and took him out for burial. When we got there they hadn't got the grave deep enough and we had to wait. Just as we had finished digging the grave and put the coffin in a party came and

said: "Search George's pockets and see if he has any money." The secret of this was that some of his friends claimed that the parties George lived with had taken the money they knew he had. The parties denied it and said if he had any money it was in his pocket and would be buried with him, so we took the coffin out of the grave, opened it and searched his pockets and found no money, and put poor George back and covered him up, and his bones, if any are left, are now mouldering under some of the houses in that neighborhood.

The body of an old Indian interpreter lies under the rear of the lot where Page's house stands today, as George Goodlander when he fenced that lot, found this grave on the lot, and he removed the board that contained the Indian's epitaph, and no one knew after that where the native American's last resting place was. I judge this is not the only Indian grave over which the progress of civilization caused buildings to be erected.

The first church service I knew of being held in Fort Scott was in the spring of '58. A southern Methodist circuit rider used to hold services occasionally in the old hospital building. One night I was at church, the room was well crowded, especially the front part of the room. Col. Arnett, the father of Mrs. Kendall and Jack Arnett, as most the old settlers remember, got up in the rear of the room and said: "You'ns in front revert back here where there is more room." It was but a few minutes after the old Colonel made this

remark that he dropped dead from heart failure. This incident broke up the meeting. Of course there was a chaplain in the army whom we used to hear preach occasionally.

The families of Ransom, Clark, Haynes and Campbell, being of the Episcopal faith, and Chaplain Reynolds of the army being an Episcopal clergyman, decided to organize an Episcopal church that summer. This, I think, was the first church organized here, aside from the South Methodist, which was in existence at the time. A few months later Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Alex McDonald, Mrs. Jewell, and a few other ladies and one lone man, J. S. Cawkins, an old bachelor, organized the Presbyterian church. The hospital building was used for different church services until later years.

Chaplain Reynolds in organizing the Episcopal church took George Clark, Willis Ransom, C. H. Haynes, Ben McDonald and myself, to make the five vestrymen needed to organize the church. We met in the old land office building, and as we came out we met Salmon P. Hall sitting on the steps of the land office. He said: "Boys, been having a game?" "No," said Willis Ransom, "We have just organized an Episcopal church and us five are vestrymen." Hall said: "You are a hell of a set to start a church: you are better suited to run a saloon or variety show." I served as a vestryman, I think, from 1858 till about 1863, when they put me out and put E. M. Hulett in my place, (and by the way, I never

considered Hulett much of an improvement over myself.) In the early days of the Episcopal church Mrs. C. H. Haynes took the lead the same as she does at the present time, and Aunt Jane Smith was the leader of the Presbyterian church. I suppose owing to the character of the first vestry Joe Ray and Jack White used to call it the "Whiskeypalian church."

The only merchants that were in Fort Scott when I came were Colonel H. T. Wilson, and old Dr. Bills and Blake Little. Blake Little's store was in the old Commissary Building of the fort, and Dr. Bills' store was as I have described as being in the building that fronted on Market street and the fort grounds. Colonel Wilson had his store still in the old log building which he had occupied for years as a sutler's store, until 1859 he built what we called in those days his big store building on Market street. In those days these merchants used to go spring and fall to St. Louis, and sometimes to Philadelphia to buy their goods, and make their collections generally every six months, and pay for their goods at the same time. Goods in those days were hauled from Tipton, then the western terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The commercial traveler at that time in this western country was an unknown quantity.

In the early days of Fort Scott the opportunities for following Dame Fashion, were not so great as they were in the states, especially for the ladies, as there was no such a thing as a fashionable dress-maker or millinery establishment at which

Mrs. C. H. Haynes, born in Ohio, came to Fort Scott, March 1858. The first married woman now living in Fort Scott that was married when she came to Fort Scott. The leading lady of the Episcopal Church when organized.

the ladies could get their dresses or bonnets made in the latest fashion of the day. The men were better supplied in that line, as Bob Blackett, who was the first tailor established here, would occasionally make a suit for the boys after his own fashion, having no fashion plates from which he could, but the clothes usually worn by us were hand-me-downs from the stocks of Colonel Wilson's and Dr. Bill's stores which were made regardless of fashion, if they fit, all right, if not it was a go all the same. At this time hoop skirts were fashionable in the Eastern States. Our ladies were not going to be behind in style if they could help it, and as the old fashioned merchants here would not bring on the new style (hoop skirts) our ladies improvised a skirt after their own ideas, running clothes line into cloth six to eight inches apart and making it up into a skirt, then use enough starch to make it stand alone. They did not even stop at this. Some of the ladies in the country had the advantage of our town girls, as the grape vines were plenty in the woods. They would choose a good straight vine and sew three or four into their skirt, answering the purpose of the latest style crinoline, I remember well, at one of our dances two pretty country belles attended and wore their hoop vine skirts. They stood out so much that a young man would have to stoop over to shake hands with them, and to get near enough to kiss them was out of the question, as they would dance around and their grape vine hoops would hit a gentleman's limb, they would rebound in the opposite direction to such

an extent, that anyone with whom they came in contact was in danger of being knocked down. The reader may think this grape vine hoop a hoax, but Ben McDonald and Charlie Drake will verify what I say, also Charlie Bull, as Charlie Bull took one of these country belles to a dance, a Miss Susie Foote, by the way, she was the belle of the ball that night, even though she was encircled with grape-vines. Col. Wilson used to tell his lady customers that seven yards was enough for a dress, but they would say: "Colonel, that might have done some years ago, but how can we wear our hoop skirts with so little calico?" The Colonel would in surprise say: "Madam, I did not think of the late fashion you ladies have adopted in hooping yourselves in like a hogshead."

The bar of Fort Scott in 1858 and 1859 was composed of Squire Bullock, J. S. Symms, L. A. McCord, and Sam Williams, who claimed to be a lawyer to some extent. George A. Crawford was an attorney but did not pretend to practice. Lawyer Symms was a big lubberly fellow, some six feet three inches tall, and large in proportion. He was very slovenly in his dress and person. He had his office in the hospital building in a room that had been the hospital doctor's office. Connected to this room was a large closet. On a broad shelf in this closet Symms used to sleep with his clothes on, being too lazy to undress and redress himself. L. A. McCord was a small wiry man and was cracked or had wheels in his head on the subject of the stage and was continually spouting Shakespeare. So as to show himself off

THE FOUR GENERATIONS.

Mrs. H. L. Wilson, her oldest daughter, Virginia, her grand daughter, Mrs. C. C. Nelson and great grand daughter, Elizabeth Adele Nelson.

he got a lot of us boys to consent to rehearse the act of Othello in the old hospital ward room, organized the boys and gave them their parts, reserving Othello to himself as star. He gave me the part of Iago, and distributed the balance of the parts to Charley Bull, Burns Gordon, Jack White, and others, and as there was no lady to take the part of Desdemona, he decided that Ken Williams should take that part, he being the smallest man in town. Well, all McCord's theatrical company amounted to was several rehearsals with him doing the most of it, and he never did get far enough with his company to give an entertainment. McCord did not stay here long: I think he returned east, and I don't believe he ever got any farther in his theatrical career, at least, I do not believe he ever got to be a popular tragedian, or I should have been likely to see his name on the bill boards in later years.

The medical fraternity of Fort Scott when I came consisted of Dr. Osbun, Dr. Couch and Dr. Bills. Drs. Osbun and Couch were of the old school, and Dr. Bills of the new school. Dr. Bills did not get much business, as the people in those days when they were sick were sick and they wanted strong medicine when they wanted any. In 1859 the number was increased by the arrival of Dr. Redfield (by the way, I was his first patient), and in the fall of '61 Dr. Hepler came. Dr. Osbun died in the fall of '61, and all of the others have been dead for years. The first regular drug store was opened by Dave Andrix in a building Dr. Osbun built in 1859, on the west side of

Main Street, near its junction with Market. The same building was occupied in later years by Frank Boyle as a tobacco store.

The first free negroes who lived in Fort Scott came in 1858, and were Jeff and Pete Slavins. Jeff was a very large, robust man, while Pete was a slim, dandy nigger, and aspired to the profession of a barber. He opened up the first barber-shop in Fort Scott. I made him a barber-chair out of an old arm chair, and Pete opened up in great style as a first-class barber. But oh Lord, what sore faces we boys who patronized his shop did have. Jeff was a hard working, industrious negro, and a faithful servant to George Clark. He being very large we used to call him George Clark's bodyguard. Pete, the barber, became consumptive and died in a few years. Jeff lived here until some time in 1870, when he went to live on a farm in Linn County, where he may be living yet. He was in Fort Scott some few years ago.

As to lodges there was when I came only the Masonic lodge in existence, and it did not do much towards getting new members until the year of 1860-61. I took the first degree in February of 1861, and before they held another meeting the war broke out and the lodge did not have another meeting again till after the war, when Charley Van Fossen, Sheriff Wheaton and some more kindred spirits ran it for all it was worth. I never had any desire to go any farther into the mysteries of Masonry. The Odd Fellows lodge, I believe, was organized in the year of 1866. John Crow, S. A. Williams and Shannon and some others I think

organized the lodge. In 1866 Charley Osbun, John Stewart and myself took the first degree of the lodge, but I never got any farther. A little later on Charley Osbun, Skidmore and myself joined the Redmen, but as I had seen enough of the Indian foolishness years before I had no use for this lodge. I found I had enough business to attend to both day and night without wasting any of my time with lodge affairs, so the only lodges or secret societies of which I have been a full fledged member was the Sons of Malta of 1860 and the Hoo-Hoo of the present day.

There was a vigilance committee in the country during the fall of 1858, and some time in the fall they arrested a man by the name of Ben Rice. He stole 'Squire Redfield's horse over in Missouri, some ten miles east of Fort Scott, and brought it to Kansas. Rice was caught with the horse in his possession, and was locked up in the Free State Hotel where he was held as a prisoner. On the morning of the 16th day of December, 1858, at day-break, about one hundred men belonging to the Jayhawker gang under Brown, Montgomery and Jenison, came in and released Ben Rice, robbed Blake Little's store, killed his son, John Little, and fired on other parties promiscuously. They ordered breakfast at the Pro-Slavery hotel and then were afraid to eat it for fear of poison. The night before they camped at Hell's Bend on the Marmaton and held a conference as to who should be leader, Brown, Montgomery or Jenison, and they elected Montgomery. This selection was a good thing for Fort Scott, for if Brown had

been leader he would have burned the town, being very vindictive, and Jenison would have robbed everybody, as that was his part. Montgomery was a very strong abolitionist, but strictly honest in his views, cool in behavior and had good control of his men. Jenison was along and did some big stealing on his own hook. Brown would not come along because he could not be in command, but the same parties that were hung with Brown at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, were with him here and did some loud talking, and said the time was not far distant when they would see Missouri overrun with blood. Their prophecy was not long in coming true,—a few years later.

At the time the above raid took place I was boarding with Alex McDonald, who lived in the west end of what was called the Blair house on the Plaza, and was sleeping in the parlor in the front of the house. Hearing a noise I looked out and saw parties arresting Governor Ransom. He lived in the east end of the same house. I awakened Alex. McDonald, and Ben McDonald and Jack White, who slept upstairs. I told Alex what was going on, and he thereupon opened the front door to look out; he had no more than done so when a party behind a tree, in front of the house, said to him: "Surrender!" Alex said: "Be damned if I do," and stepped in and closed the door. As he did so, the party put a Sharp's rifle ball through the center of the door, but as Alex had stepped to one side of the door, the ball did not hit him. I was standing at the time in the door leading from the parlor to the hall. The

bullet struck in the hard studding of the partition and rebounded and fell on the floor of the hall. The party who shot at McDonald returned to the crowd and remarked that he had "plugged one border ruffian." This party proved afterwards to have been Col. Jenison. After this shooting I looked towards the Free State Hotel and saw a big crowd there: so Ben, Jack and I concluded to go down and see what was going on. When we got there we walked right into the crowd and the first thing we knew we were among a lot of the Fort Scott boys who were surrounded by a lot of the Jayhawkers with their Sharp's rifles. Bill Bentley and Bill Dennison said, "Boys, I guess you are prisoners with the balance of us." I said, "I guess not," and remarked to Ben and Jack, "Let's go back to the house." We started, but the Jayhawkers stopped Ben and Jack but did not stop me. This caused the boys often to joke me about being in sympathy with the Jayhawkers. The Jayhawkers shot at different parties that morning and among others a man by the name of Ed Marble. As he was going across the Plaza they battered away at him but did not hit him. This caused Joe Ray to make the remark that the Jayhawkers were very playful that morning, as they were shooting at Marbles on the Plaza. This wound up the Jayhawk troubles for 1858.

The shooting of Jenison at McDonald during this raid came very near ending in a duel the following year. A man by the name of Knox, express agent of the stage line, met Jenison at Osawatomie, where Jenison lived at that time.

He told Jenison the man he shot at was Alex McDonald, and that McDonald had said he would shoot him on sight. So about a year afterwards, as Alex was passing through Osawatomie, Jenison met him and said he was ready now to be shot. Now, whether Alex ever said he would shoot Jenison or not, they made up, and when the war broke out and Jenison came to Fort Scott as colonel of the Fifth Kansas, Alex and he became good friends, and associated together considerably in the campaigns south of here, while Alex was a sutler in the army. Jenison after the war followed the life of a sport, and had a sporting house in Leavenworth and later on in Joplin and Galena. He made money and spent it freely and was a very charitable man in the later years of his life, giving to the churches and the poor and died a few years ago in Leavenworth.

At this time all the citizens of Fort Scott were either pro-slavery or free state democrats, except Tom Roberts and Old Roach, who being the only republicans, naturally were quite intimate. Old Roach and his wife used to quarrel a great deal, and at one time Roberts fixed up a compromise between them, but it did not last long, as one morning Old Roach came over to the hotel all covered with blood and some of the boys said, "Roach, what is the matter?" He said, "the old woman hit me over the head with a rolling-pin," which was the effect of misplaced confidence in Tom Roberts' compromise. Mrs. Roach and her daughter were the washerwomen for all of us boys. We used to mark our shirts with a stitch

Alex McDonald, born in Pennsylvania, came to Fort Scott in December, 1857. Now living in New York City. The man Col. Jenison shot at and who in company with Ed Bowen brought the first saw mill to southern Kansas.

of different colored thread. Fort Roach, as we used to call the house the Roach family lived in, was a resort for the boys where they danced on the puncheon floor. Roach and his family were from Posey County, Indiana, and the music at the dance was usually to the tune of "Hell on the Wabash." Sometimes these dances would last all night, and all the next day. I have known of one dance that lasted two nights and one day.

About all the people who were here in 1858 when I came, who are now living, are present citizens, Squire Margrave, Mrs. Mary Brumbley, (nee Little), C. F. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Haynes, T. W. Tallman, Mrs. C. W. Goodlander, (nee Wilson), C. H. Osbun, Mrs. T. F. Robley, (nee Wilson), Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, (nee Smith,) E. L. Marble, and B. P. McDonald, and to my knowledge others now living are Alex McDonald and Jim Jones, of New York, Ed Smith of California, Bill Dennison, of Vernon County, Mo., Mrs. Allison, (nee Williams) of Beloit, Kansas, George Clark, Ypsilanti, Mich., Charley Bull, of White Oaks, N. M., Bill Linn of Barton County, Mo., and Willis Ransom and wife of St. Joseph, Michigan.

As Marshal Little had been killed in the Jayhawk raid of December 16th, 1858, Col. Campbell was appointed United States Marshal for this place. So the fore part of January, 1859, he organized three marshal's posses with John Hamilton, Alex. McDonald and himself as captains. This was done by order of the government, thinking it would be the most effective way to keep

quiet in this territory. John Hamilton had been first sergeant in the regular army and was well posted in military tactics, and he used to put us through the drill on the fort parade ground. There was a guard posted at three different points at night, one east of the fort grounds and one west, and one at what was called Fort Roach, where the Roach family lived, which is now the northwest corner of National Avenue and First Street. This at that time was considered a great distance out and most of us did not like to be sent to that post, but preferred the posts east and west of the fort, especially the one near the building on on the west side, where Race Harkness' saloon was, so as to drop in and warm and take refreshments. The upstairs of the old hospital building was used as guard house, where those who were not on guard would keep up a pretty lively time at night. One night there was an alarm about 11 o'clock that the Jayhawkers were crossing at the Military Ford, near the mouth of Mill Creek. Captain McDonald was ordered to take his company down there. At that time there was a road in the bottom, to the Fort, through a dense timber and undergrowth, so that you could not see twenty feet from the road. I was a member of McDonald's company, and when we came near the ford we heard some parties on the bank of the river. As we marched up toward the party McDonald, in a loud military demand said, "Who is there, friend or foe?" when lo, and behold! it was nothing but an old couple camped for the night, and Captain McDonald's company scared them from their

peaceful slumbers. McDonald marched his company back and reported to Marshal Campbell that all was quiet on the Marmaton. This marshal's organization was kept up during the winter and summer of 1859. During the same time a vigilance committee was kept up in the county. Early in the fall between the marshal's posse in town and the vigilance committee in the country there were several parties who were arrested for horse stealing. Marshal Campbell ordered them to be taken to Lawrence under guard selected from Captain Hamilton's and Captain McDonald's companies. Capt. Hamilton and Capt. McDonald were ordered to take charge of said guard while Marshal Campbell took charge of what was left of both companies to protect the town in the absence of Hamilton and McDonald. All went well with Captain Hamilton and party until they reached the Wakarusha bottom south of Lawrence when Jim Lane, who had been informed of the coming of this posse and prisoners, raised the cry that the notorious border ruffian Hamilton was coming with Free State men prisoners, and he (Lane), raised a mob and went out and met Hamilton and his guard at the edge of town and released the prisoners and marched Capts. Hamilton and McDonald and their men into Lawrence as prisoners. It was soon explained and Lane ordered Hamilton and party released and they returned home quite crestfallen. This was the end of the marshal's posse, as at this time there were some United States regulars sent here under the command of old Gen. Harney, to back up Marshal Campbell.

April 18, 1859, was the first city election. Joe Ray was elected mayor for two years: Alex McDonald was elected treasurer; Sam Williams, clerk: Uncle Billy Smith and two others, councilmen—I don't remember their names—and Charley Bull, marshal. Ray, during his term of office, pre-empted the land that was subsequently used for the town site, for the town company. During Joe's term of mayorship in the summer of '59, Col. Jim Lane came here to make a speech on the ruling troubles of the times, and a meeting was called, and Joe, being mayor, we claimed it was his place to introduce Jim Lane. Now, Joe disliked Lane so much that it was a bitter pill for Joe to swallow.

The meeting was called in front of the land office, a building that stood where Brown's lumber yard is now located. There was a large two-story porch in front of said building, and this porch was crowded with people, and a large crowd on the ground in front of the building. Joe being of a very timid nature and being very much confused in his position of chairman, and intending to advise some of the people to leave the porch, he blunderingly reversed what he intended by remarking, "There being so many on the ground some of you will please come upon the porch where there is more room." This started the people to laughter, and confused him more, and again gathering courage, and just as he started to make his speech introducing the speaker, (Jim Lane), a large mule, attached to a wagon near by, made an unearthly bray; this again upset Joe, and when the mule had finished he said: "Mr. Mule, if you wish to

Joe Ray, born in Michigan, came to Fort Scott in 1857. The first Mayor of Fort Scott. Died February 15, 1869.

monopolize this meeting, I think you are more suitable than I am to introduce the honorable gent, so I will retire in your favor." This was the outcome of Joe's first attempt as mayor to introduce a speaker. As I have said before, Joe was the wag of the town. He made a great many witty remarks and committed a great many blunders.

There was more or less building during the year of 1859, and the number of inhabitants increased. I built that year a large house for Ben Riggins on a farm east of town. Later, Dr. Couch bought this farm, and I think the Widow Couch lives now in this same house. The same year I built a store house for Alex. McDonald on the corner of Wall Street and Scott Avenue, where Nelson & Weedon's grocery now stands. The latter part of '59 and the early part of '60 Col. Wilson had a large store built about where John Glunz's building now is, and 'Squire Margrave built a building for saloon purposes about where Aronson's store now is. This was the first building built for a saloon and sporting purposes in the town. The front part was used as a saloon and the rear part for the "national game." The first keg beer that was brought to Fort Scott was distributed to the boys from Margrave's saloon and was the great event of the day. In the summer of 1860, when the winds were so hot you had to get in a room and close the doors to keep cool, we mostly selected Margrave's saloon for this purpose and filled up on cold beer. The drouth of 1860 has passed into history as all know. As a sample of it I will say the water in the Marmaton did not run over the

fording places for eighteen months. About the only thing that grew, to my knowledge, was sorghum cane—about the only crop that season, except some rattle snakes, I raised on my claim. I had planted several acres of potatoes that spring and about the time I thought there should be some potatoes I was going past the place with Dr. Redfield on his way home from seeing a patient from Drywood. I said "Doc, come let's get a good mess of potatoes. We opened up a half dozen hills and we found in three of the hills each a rattle snake, and in the others we found nothing. My potato crop was a failure. Dr. Redfield was somewhat like my friend Aikman. When he went to see a patient in the country he always liked to call some one to go as company.

The year 1859 brought quite a number of good citizens to Fort Scott, about all free state democrats. Among the arrivals were Gen. Blair and family, Robert Stewart and family, Mr. Jenkins and family, William Dorey, Old Man Dillon and wife, and boys, John, Joe and Tute. (Mr. Dillon succeeded Col. Campbell as landlord of the Free State Hotel), Uncle Johnny Miller and wife and daughters, Emma and Anna, Col. Judson and sons, Charley and Bill, George Reynolds and wife and Isaac Stadden. Among the early arrivals of 1859 were the first foreign emigration Fort Scott had—Pete Smith, a small Swede, and Joran Dockstead, a large Norwegian. They were carpenters by trade, and they concluded to build a double house and aimed to pattern after one of the officers' quarters of the fort. About all the lumber that

William Margrave, born in Missouri, came to Fort Scott November, 1854. Now living. Has been a Justice of the Peace from the above date until now. Has the honor of holding that office longer than any other man in Kansas.

could be obtained was from the saw mill of McDonald & Bowen, and these foreign boys to get what lumber they needed, had to take all kinds and all shapes they could pick up around the mill, and they carried a great part of it on their backs from the mill, as they were very economical. The building was a sight when completed and a regular curiosity, and was named the Avalanche. Dockstead left a few years later for Colorado, and Pete Smith married the widow of Capt. Rogers, of Cato, this county, where he conducted a general store for the last thirty years, and I believe he died in the fall of 1899.

Fort Scott by this time was getting to be quite a society place, as the following invitations to a cotillion party, July 22, 1859, and a New Year's ball in January, 1860, will show:—

COTILLION PARTY.

MISS ELIZABETH WILSON:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a Cotillion Party at the Western Hotel. Messrs. Linn & Harris, Proprietors, Fort Scott, K. T., on Friday evening, July 22d, 1859.

INVITATION COMMITTEE.

Burns Gordon,	J. W. Buchanan,
J. J. Farley,	L. A. McCord,
E. A. Smith,	W. C. Dennison,
B. P. McDonald,	A. H. Campbell.

MANAGERS.

E. W. Finch,	Joe Ray,
John Dillon,	A. R. Allison,
C. F. Drake,	C. W. Goodlander.

MUSICIANS.

Messrs. Mottram & Gee.

NEW YEAR'S BALL.

MISS E. C. WILSON:—

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a New Year's Ball at the Western Hotel, Fort Scott, K. T., W. I. Linn, Proprietor, on Monday evening, January 2d, 1860.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION.

Joseph Ray,	B. P. McDonald,
C. F. Drake,	John Dillon,
H. Harkness,	W. C. Dennison,
Isaac Stadden,	John Denton,
Moses Fisk,	Jos. Custard,
J. M. Hoffnagle,	W. H. Norway.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

A. J. Waterhouse,	R. L. Phillips,
Wm. Bentley,	J. W. Buchanan,
T. M. Williams,	Wm. Judson,
C. W. Goodlander,	Jos. Williams.

A. R. Allison.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

E. W. Finch,	S. B. Gordon,
Wm. Gallaher,	E. A. Smith,
Charles Bull,	Chas. Dimon.

Music by the "Fort Scott Quadrille Band."

These invitations are fac-similes, now in the hands of my wife, preserved by her as her first invitations to a dance, at the age of ten years. These two parties were the first public dances held in Fort Scott. At that time a girl of ten years and a grandmother of eighty were eligible to be invited to a ball, in order to equal the number of the opposite sex.

The first Fourth of July celebration that was held in this locality to my knowledge, was on the Fourth of July of 1859 on the Custard farm, south of the Drywood, just ten miles south of Fort Scott, and some two miles west of the Missouri line. The Custards were a very prominent family in those days, and consisted of father and mother, three sons and one daughter, who lived on the farm at that time. Nancy, an old maid, and Chauncey, William and James, the boys, were quite good singers, and the family were quite social. The boys used to frequently come to Fort Scott to show off their talent, and having been entertained by the Fort Scott people often, they wished to return the compliment, and they asked all who wished to do so to come down there and have a Fourth of July celebration. So quite a number of us concluded to go down and celebrate the Fourth of July that year. Col. Judson was to be the leader and took charge of the gang, and we had Harry Hartman to provide the fireworks and firewater. When we got there we found the people for miles around had gathered from across the line in Missouri and in Kansas. Col. Judson delivered the oration and the Custards sang their songs, and then we formed in a procession, led by Col. Judson and Nancy Custard. Just as the procession moved, by accident or otherwise, our fireworks caught fire and it was fun to see how the procession broke ranks and scattered in all directions to evade the sky rockets, Roman candles, whirli-gigs and serpents that were charging in all directions. Our fireworks for night enter-

tainment having been destroyed and being disappointed in having a night celebration, it enabled us to get home early in the evening instead of at midnight or in the morning. We all came home, having felt that we had celebrated our first Fourth of July in Kansas, and felt so very patriotic after hearing the patriotic songs of the Custard family, that we celebrated all the way home, and the next day we all belonged to the "big head" family and wanted no more Fourth of July for a year.

The first county fair that I attended after I came to Fort Scott was in the fall of 1859, and was held at Nevada, Mo.,—I think the first fair that was ever held in Vernon County. Quite a lot of boys went over from Fort Scott. Among them as I remember were Joe Ray, Charley Bull, Waterhouse, Burns Gordon, and the Custard boys from Drywood, who went over and opened up a concert with a view of making some money out of the people attending the fair. They had Waterhouse of our crowd tend the door, so consequently we all got in free. This fair was held on Old Tommy Austin's farm, which at that time joined the town of Nevada on the south. On the trip coming home Charley Bull got Joe Ray to eat some green persimmons (any one who has eaten a green persimmon knows the effect of puckering the mouth, and drinking water afterwards that it increases the pucker). Joe not knowing the effect, the balance of the boys laughed up their sleeves. Joe ate the persimmons and then began to cuss, something he was an adept at. Charley Bull yelled out "Joe, you are poisoned, drink some water or you will die."

Joe rushed to some water near by and drank a good supply. This caused his mouth to pucker so much more that he could not even cuss. If ever a man was mad, Joe was for the balance of the day. At that time between here and Nevada on the west bank of the Drywood lived old Squire Redfield and wife and children,—this was a sort of a half way stopping place. Squire Redfield had settled there way back in the thirties, and had been a missionary to the Indians in this section of Missouri. He and his wife were a fine old couple. I should judge they were way up in the sixties. This same Squire Redfield was an uncle of the late Dr. Redfield, who practiced in Fort Scott from 1860 till some years ago, when he died, whose widow and children are still in Fort Scott. At the time this fair was held at Nevada it was not much of a town and what there was of it was mostly some frame buildings around the square. The building the Custards held their concert in was the court house, a small two story building on the south west corner of the square. The old town of Nevada was destroyed by fire during the war, but to-day is a prosperous town, well built.

In 1860 I built a residence for Alex McDonald on a lot where the Union Block now stands. This was the first residence built of any pretensions, outside of the government quarters and at that time was considered the palace of Fort Scott. Alex made this residence a welcome place for his friends, and many lively times were had within its walls. New Year's calls in those days were quite a fad, and what few families were here always

kept open house. This house of Alex's is the one where a lot of us were calling on New Year's Day, when a young tinner by trade, now a staid banker of Fort Scott, rode his horse up the steps and into the dining room, took his drink from the hostess on horseback, rode around the table and out the same way he came in and did no damage to glassware or anything else. He claimed that John Robinson, circus rider, was not in it with him.

When I was building this house I concluded to get some yellow pine flooring from Van Winkle's mills in northwest Arkansas. I sent teams for the lumber, having added enough to make good measure to allow for the manufacture. When the lumber came and I went to use it I found it had run short. I made complaint and they said they had sent me the full amount I had ordered. After investigating I found that the way they measured lumber was face and one edge, making a board one by six by twelve feet long, have seven feet instead of six as I understood board measure. They measured thick and thin lumber the same way. A two by six, twelve foot, they would make eight foot, while standard board measure would be twelve feet. They sold the thick lumber enough higher to make the price in proportion to the inch. I understand this is grindstone measurement, side and edge, so old Van must have been in the grindstone business.

New Year's calls in Fort Scott, in those days were hard to beat for genuine hospitality, and were well kept up until the close of the war. In those days there were no cranks to dictate to the

Alex McDonald's Residence, built in 1860, as it looks today. Stood where the Union Block now is. The house the staid Fort Scott banker rode his horse into to make his New Year call on Mrs. Alex McDonald.

majority what they should do. Everybody was honest and paid their debts and did as they thought best.

In speaking of New Year's calls brings to my mind a Christmas call the boys made in the early sixties. There had been a dance Christmas eve and the boys having kept up the dance until four o'clock in the morning, some of them concluded they would make an early morning Christmas call. At that time there were three barbers here who were good musicians, so they got the barbers up and started out at early daylight and gave their friends an early serenade. Every one they serenaded would join in the procession until we had gone the rounds, when they adjourned to the Wilder House about nine o'clock, to partake of a repast that had been ordered prepared for the crowd. I have known of Christmas serenades through the day and night, and Christmas dinners but never knew before or since of a Christmas breakfast.

The late fall of '59 was very quiet as regards Jayhawk troubles, and as we needed some excitement and amusement, Wyllys Ransom, Salmon P. Hall and George Clark proposed to establish the Sons of Malta Lodge, which at that time and previous thereto in New York and eastern cities was quite a rage. Wyllys Ransom had secured one of the rituals of the lodge, so in November, 1859, Wyllys Ransom, Salmon P. Hall, George Clark, a lawyer by the name of Symms, B. P. McDonald, William Gallagher and myself, making seven in number, necessary for charter members, perfected

an organization. This lodge was kept up until April, 1860, when we had succeeded in initiating about every man that was in town. At the closing up they had a torch-light procession and marched around the Fort parade ground several times, each member carrying a roll of paper and then marched to the center of the parade ground and after a speech by Wyllys Ransom, who was the grand master, explaining that the object of the lodge had been accomplished, and for fear the outside world might get hold of the records, they would now burn them, he touched a match to his roll and threw it on the ground and all the balance in solemnity marched around and threw their rolls into the fire and the records were destroyed. Then they marched back to the hall and finished up with a dance, where the ladies, young and old, were to meet us after the burning of the records. All members of the lodge wore black dominoes, and the dance was a big success. The dances were generally plain quadrilles to the tunes of "Hell on the Wabash" and "Arkansaw Traveller," and sundry tunes that all were familiar with. The dance wound up with refreshments in Race Harkness' restaurant which was kept in the first story of the same building where the dance was held. The Sons of Malta Lodge was organized in the early '50's after the failure of General Lopez's invasion of Cuba and was claimed and supposed to take revenge on his enemies who prevented his successful invasion of Cuba. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will give some portions of the ritual. First, the room was prepared with the officers and members sitting

around in place with the customary mask. In the center of the room was a skeleton laid on a table, with two persons dressed as soldiers guarding the same, one walking one way on one side and the other one, the other way on the opposite side. All officers and members were dressed in black dominoes and masks. Wyllys Ransom was grand master, J. S. Symms and Salmon P. Hall, his aides. Ransom, Hall and Symms were all large men and looked very imposing in their costumes, especially Symms, who was a man six feet six, and looked like a mountain. The victim to be initiated was brought in, not blind-folded, so he could see all. The first degree was very solemn, and the words the victim heard, impressed on him the fact that the step he was about to take was a very serious affair, and he found it so by the time he got through. After the victim was taken out all things in the room were changed and prepared for action. The victim was then brought in blind-folded and taken before the grand master who put several questions to him. Among others he was asked if he was going to attack Cuba whether he would lie and wait and steal in upon it, or would make a bold dash. The victim generally said he would lie and wait and steal in upon it. This remark would be taken up by the recorder, who, speaking through a large trumpet, would say, "He lies and steals, let it be recorded,"—all members saying the same in solemn voice. Next the grand master would say, "Try his marching qualities." The victim was then marched around the room and every object imaginable thrown in his

way, so that by the time he got around the room he began to think the subjection of Cuba a hard undertaking. Next we would try the candidate's climbing qualities, as there would be more or less of that to do in scaling forts. A ladder was put in position, one end on the floor and the other end on a high box, some five or six feet high. A member on each side of the victim guarded him to catch him in case he fell off.

It was a hard struggle for him to keep on the rounds of the ladder and step over bayonets purposely placed for him to climb over. He would reach the box about exhausted. While standing on the box to rest before the next ordeal the grand master gave a lecture on the importance of knowing how to swim in case he got shipwrecked going to Cuba. After this lecture he was told there was a large tank of water before him and he must jump in and show his swimming qualities. Now, the supposed tank was a large tarpaulin some twenty feet square and held by the members. As the victim jumped into the tarpaulin he was tossed up several times, as high as the ceiling. After going through several more trials, too numerous to mention, he was pronounced a fit recruit to attack Cuba, and he passed through the ordeal so well he was eligible to a seat of honor. He was taken to a seat and told to sit down. This seat of honor was a wet sponge about the size of a half bushel. After this he was told to sign the register which proved to be an order on Race Harkness' restaurant for a supper for the members of the lodge. Then he was told to read the by-laws. A card some

Major Wyllys Ransom, born in Vermont, came to Fort Scott, December, 1857. Now living in St. Joseph, Mich. The founder of Sons of Malta Lodge in Fort Scott, and who originated the court of uncommon pleas for the celebrated Victim Cripen and Cawkin's mock trial.

twelve inches in diameter was shown him. The card had a large figure of an eye in the center and around the circle of the card had letters placed as follows,—by reading one way, using the eye in the center it read, "I am a Son of Malta." then reading the other way, using the eye in the center, the words read, "I am sold." At one of these initiations A. R. Allison and Race Harkness were the victims. Harkness was a man that weighed about 250 pounds, while Allison weighed 125. Harkness was tossed in the tarpaulin first, and being so heavy the members were not able to throw him very high: Allison coming next and being so light and using the same exertions they did with Harkness they threw him up against the ceiling some fourteen feet high and broke his arm. Each victim after being initiated always did his best to get some new one to join so as to get his revenge. The lodge was a grand success for the winter's amusement.

The first saw mill built here by citizens was about the first of January, 1858. It was the one I have mentioned heretofore, having been built by Alex McDonald and Ed Bowen. The government had a water mill over on Mill Creek where it cut all the lumber used in building the fort. Ed Bowen only stayed here about a year and went back east, and some time after Jim Fiske's death he became superintendent of the Erie Railroad. I do not know if he is still living or not. This is the saw mill at which Joe Ray was fireman, and Ben McDonald carried off slabs. After Bowen left, this mill was sold to Old Man Jenkins and Charley

Haynes, and I think later Charley Haynes bought it, and later on he sold it to Uncle Johnny Miller. The mill was moved from the location where it was first built on to the banks of the Marmaton, just opposite the mouth of Mill Creek. It was different from the mill nowadays, as we always got less lumber than what the logs scaled which we took there to be sawed. In the year 1859 and '60 I bought some logs of John J. Stewart and took them to this mill to be sawed to lumber, and I did not get back as much lumber as the logs scaled. I kicked, and the proprietor of the saw mill said, "Why, Charley, you must not expect as much lumber as the logs scaled, as one-fourth of it goes into saw dust." Charley Osbun and John J. Stewart had also taken some logs there to be sawed, and I asked what they got back in lumber. They told me the same story, so I accepted the situation. I did not know as much about the lumber business then as I do today. I have had some experience of late years in the saw mill business, and I find there should be from ten to fifteen per cent. more lumber measured from the logs than the logs scaled calls for. I think now there was swindle at that saw mill forty years ago.

In the summer of '60 there was a dearth of excitement and amusement and as Ransom, Hall and Clark were always ready for fun, it was suggested that as an old man by the name of Cripen had recently opened up a pie, candy and nut store on the east side of the Plaza, and as he was more or less disturbed by some one purloining his goods, he should complain to Ransom and Hall.

The old man was a little off in the upper story, but he made his complaint and Ransom suggested that some one be arrested and we have a mock trial for amusement: this was agreed to and it was decided to arrest Bachelor Cawkins. Cawkins was arrested and court was established with Salmon P. Hall as judge, Wyllys Ransom as clerk, George Clark as sheriff, and George A. Crawford as prosecuting attorney, while Lawyer Symms and Lawyer McCord were Cripen's lawyers. There was a jury empaneled, and the paraphernalia of a first-class court established. The trial lasted a week, as it was only held at night, and as Judge Hall and Ransom had charge of the land office here they told Cripen they had to attend to their land offices during the day. There were quite a number of witnesses for Cripen, but only a few for Cawkins. The oath that Judge Hall had the witnesses take was as follows:—"You swear you will not tell the truth, or nothing like the truth, or if you could you would not tell the truth, so help you God." As Cripen was partly deaf he did not know the difference. Jack White, Bill Bentley, Joe Ray, Charley Bull and myself were summoned by Cripen as his witnesses. Cripen charged that one Cawkins, he had reasons to believe, was from time to time stealing his pies. Cawkins was a crank on pie. Jack White said Cawkins grumbled at the boarding house because they did not have pie; Bill Bentley testified that Cawkins said he must hunt up a boarding house where they had pies to eat; Joe Ray said that Cawkins asked him to take him out to some of his farmer friends in

pumpkin season so he could get some pumpkin pie. Charley Bull said he heard Cawkins make the remark, "If I only had pies like my mother used to make!" Up to this time the evidence was purely circumstantial and it looked as if they had no case against Cawkins, so they called me up as the last witness. I testified that one morning before daylight I was going to my shop to make an early start to make a coffin and as I passed Cripen's store I saw Cawkins coming out with pies in his hand. This was considered conclusive evidence against Cawkins. Mr. Cawkins produced no witnesses, and being an old blue-stocking Presbyterian he said he considered his word of honor as an off-set to the gang of liars that testified against him, so after three nights of argument by the lawyers the case went to the jury, and the jury brought in a verdict that Cawkins set up the drinks for the court, the attorneys, jury and witnesses at Race Harkness' saloon, which was in the basement of the building where the court was held, and also to send in, the coming fall, when pumpkins were ripe, a load of them to Cripen to make his winter's supply of pies. The attorneys made some master arguments and all in all it was an enjoyable week for the gang. So ended victim Cripen's mock trial.

In the summer of 1860 ground was broken at Kansas City for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, to work east and connect with that line, whose western terminus at that time was Tipton, Mo. This breaking of ground at Kansas City was to be celebrated with an old fashioned Missouri

barbecue. Col. Judson suggested to me that we go up to the celebration for some recreation. Instead of taking the stage transportation we drove a private team. We took what was called the state line road, which passed through Barnesville and Trading Post, Kansas, and West Point and Little Santa Fe, Mo., being the only towns, if you might call them that, between here and Kansas City. We stopped at the old Gillis House on the levee at Kansas City. The barbecue was held in what is now called East Bottom, which at that time was covered with heavy timber. There was a great crowd there for those days, and the barbecue was a grand success, as the old Missourians were noted for getting up first-class barbecues. Three men with whom I got personally acquainted in after years took an active part in this demonstration. They were Col. Van Horn, Dr. A. Abeal and Col. Coates, who in after years built the Coates House in Kansas City. Kansas City at that time was mostly on the levee, and scattered from there south. I remember well between Main Street and the west bluff was scarcely built on, here and there a house among the timber that covered that part of the present town. There were parties who had gone from Fort Scott to Kansas City to live and I wanted to see them and was told they lived up on Broadway. After meandering through the timber I found the house on the side of a hill surrounded by timber. I should judge this was about Eighth or Ninth and Broadway. Col. Judson, after we had taken in the sights of Kansas City concluded to go to

Leavenworth. We took boat from Kansas City to that place. We found Leavenworth much more of a town than Kansas City and more lively, especially along the levee, as there were three boats at the levee to one at the levee at Kansas City. Steamboating on the Missouri River at that date was flourishing, and it was not until some five or ten years later that it began to decline, and some twenty to twenty-five years later the days of the steamboat were practically at an end on the Missouri River. Judson and I returned to Fort Scott well pleased with our trip. Col. Judson was a sly old fox, as the following will indicate: I happened to get hold of the colonel's carpet bag, and I said: "Colonel, what makes your bag so heavy," and he said: "Charley, I will tell you something that you will find best to do. When you are traveling and stop at hotels. show that you have heavy baggage, and you will get better attention, as they will think you have valuable baggage." Then he said: "I have a stone in my satchel to make it heavy and fool them." The colonel was a very vain man and liked to show off.

The summer of 1860 passed undisturbed by the Jayhawk troubles and we felt that we were through with them and the town was gradually improving and business increasing, but in October the trouble broke out again. United States Court was to be held here the first of October and there were several prisoners to be tried that belonged to the Jayhawk crowd, so Montgomery's gang came into town and broke up the court and Judge

Williams left for Missouri for safety. This same Judge Williams, I should judge, in his younger days had been one of the boys, for at this time he would play the fiddle, sing a song and dance as well as the youngest of us, and was a good story teller, and whenever he made a charge to a jury would always ring into the charge that he had been chief justice in Iowa for forty years and had never seen a more intelligent jury than the one he was addressing. At flattery he was a success. He died, I think, 1861, in the harness of a judge, lamented by all. The same month was the advertised land sale for the lands that were in market in this district, and the Jayhawk troubles kept land buyers away, so there was no sale except to parties that had claims and had not used their pre-emption right, so they located land warrants on the claims they held. I was one of those that took my chances of locating a warrant on my land when the land came into market, instead of using my pre-emption right.

Along about November 1, 1860, there were two traveling musicians came along, one by the name of Signor Forillo and the other by the name of George Peabody,—Forillo was a fiddler and Peabody a banjoist. After they had played several times for the boys, we concluded to hire them by the month to give concerts for our amusement, so we made a bargain with them for $100 a month, and after the first month we let Peabody go, but as Forillo claimed to be a dancing master, we hired him till spring to run a dancing school, and there is where all the early inhabitants of Fort

Scott, both old and young, learned all they knew about dancing. The school was kept up until the spring of 1861, when the war broke out. Once a week we would have a dancing party and it was a great success. Captain Lyons, afterward General Lyons, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., was stationed here that winter with his company. He was a red-headed bachelor and became one of Signor Forillo's scholars and took a great interest in the dancing until spring, when he with his company was ordered away. Captain Lyons was a very strict disciplinarian and was very strict with his men. At one time to punish one of his men, he made him walk in the hot sun, with a barrel over his shoulders and arms, leaving his bare head exposed to the hot sun and flies, with no chance to use his hands to drive the flies away. Aunt Jane Smith and some other sympathizing ladies went to Lyons to intercede for the poor soldier, but it did no good. Many nights after the dancing school was over the men adjourned to the Free State Hotel, and after visiting Harry Hartman's bar they would frequently wind up with a stag dance in the office of the hotel —young and old. Capt. Lyons, Judge Williams, Col. Judson and other older parties joined in with us younger ones and made the tail end of the night lively.

In December, 1860, the first wedding to my recollection that occurred after I came to Fort Scott was a double one,—Ben McDonald and Charley Judson, and Emma and Anna Johnson, the stepdaughters of Uncle Johnny Miller. They used to

B. P. McDonald, born in Pennsylvania. Come] to Fort Scott August 1, 1857. Now living. A prominent citizen of Fort Scott. The first man married in Fort Scott.

call them the curly-headed Johnson girls. They had their wedding breakfast at Race Harkness' restaurant, and after breakfast Ben and Charley took their girls in a double rig and drove down to Dr. Mellick's, twelve miles east in Missouri, and were married there. They returned in the evening, and you bet we boys gave them a lively reception. The breakfast was a lively one, Doc Redfield being master of ceremonies and Race Harkness did himself proud in the menu he set before the boys. Ben and Charley drove off under a shower of old shoes and onions the boys had collected together, to give them a parting salute. Ben and Charley married young,—I don't think either of them was of age, but they could not withstand the fascinating, curly-headed, fresh looking girls, who came from the east only one year before. Ben had been sweet on a girl before the arrival of the Johnson girls, but she had to give way to the new arrival.

Joe Ray and Jennie Wilson went with Ben and Charlie to act as best man and lady at the wedding. When the minister commenced the ceremony, Joe, in his off-hand way, said, "Hello, preacher, you don't want to marry me along with these two pair of youngsters, as I have not got my girl's consent yet."

Ben, as we always called him in later years, was connected with his brother, Alex, in establishing the first bank in Fort Scott. At the breaking of ground of the Fort Scott & South Eastern Railroad, George A. Crawford made the opening speech and told of Ben carrying him

across the Marmaton river to assist in building Ben's claim cabin, and remarked, that "Ben had been carrying him ever since—financially."

In April, 1861, the second city election was held. Uncle Johnny Miller was elected mayor and recorder, and I was elected treasurer and Jack White, marshal. Alex McDonald having been city treasurer prior to this turned over to me $12.50, and this was all the money I received while treasurer, except one third of $25 that Jack White, as marshal, collected from a prize fight. When Jack handed it to me he said that he and Uncle Johnny would keep the balance for their fees.

Uncle Johnny Miller was a very sociable character and liked to join in the fun with the boys and was good company. He and Jack White used to have loads of fun when they imbibed to some extent. Jack would get a little quarrelsome, but Uncle Johnny being good natured could control him. Uncle Johnny was a Pennsylvania German and was a good German talker, as well as English. Any controversy that came up in the German or English language would be referred to Uncle Johnny. One day Jake Bowers and John Smith were quarreling about who could speak English most properly and they were to refer it to Uncle Johnny. He to test them, put the question, "If it looks like rain tomorrow, what would you say?" John Smith said: "I think she did rain tomorrow," and Jake Bowers said: "I think she was rain tomorrow." Uncle Johnny decided Bowers was the best talker and

John Smith had to set up the drinks. Uncle Johnny was quite thrifty and a money maker. Years later he was trustee of Scott Township, and one day Charley Drake says to him, "Johnny, do you get much out of that office," and he said: "Oh, yes, Charley, I manage to farm a living out of it," a remark which I think is very applicable to some of the county and city officers of the present day, who appear to farm the offices they hold for all they are worth.

The first photograph gallery I think was established early in 1861, by a man named Parker, in a building that stood where the Miller Block now stands. In later years he was married to a daughter of Mrs. Graff, who was a half sister to the wife of our present townsman, Charles Mitchell. This same Parker left here years ago, and after an unsuccessful financial life returned here some few years ago and died. I believe the widow of Parker is now living in Chicago.

April, 1861, as all know, the Civil War broke out, and Kansas, which was still a territory, was as patriotic as the balance of the north. A company of 108 was raised here for three months' service by Charles W. Blair, who was made captain. A. R. Allison and I, being partners at the time in the building business, both enlisted, he being elected a lieutenant, I nothing but a private: he afterwards persuaded me to stay at home and take care of the business while he went with the company, he being an officer, so I stayed at home. The company left here for Leavenworth to be mustered in, but when they got there the orders were

not to take any more three months' men, so Capt. Blair and some of the company were mustered into the Second Kansas for three years, and my partner, Allison, and some others, not liking to go in for three years' service, returned home. During the summer of 1861, and by September 1st, some three thousand troops, more or less, collected here at Fort Scott. What troops were here then were under the command of General Jim Lane, who ran things in rather a loose way. In the summer of 1861, Jim Lane had built a fort on the north side of the Osage River, and named it Fort Lincoln. It was built on low bottom land that was no more a fit place for a fort than where Knapp's Park is now located. This fort consisted of a stockade and a large blockhouse. In later years this stockade and blockhouse was moved to Fort Scott and located about the junction of Lowman and First Streets. On Sunday, the second day of September, 200 mules were grazing about where T. W. Tallman's farm is located, and a detachment of Colonel Weir's regiment was in charge of them, when about noon a large number of rebel cavalry came from the east and captured the mules and drove them off to Missouri. The alarm was given and all the cavalry that was here was ordered to give chase to the rebels and try to recapture the mules. The mules were driven by the rebel cavalry to the east side of Big Drywood, at what is called the Lambert crossing. The Union cavalry which was in pursuit, followed to the west side of Drywood, when lo, and behold, they found all of Price's army in camp. It appeared that

after the battle of Wilson's Creek in August the victorious army of the south under Price had been ordered to come and capture Fort Scott. That Sunday night when the cavalry from here went after the mules they expected a fight, and what ambulances that were here connected with the hospital were ordered out, and the surgeon in charge called for volunteers and citizens to go out with the ambulances. Charley Bull, Joe Ray, Pete Smith and myself went out with one of the ambulances, and located on the hill about where the east end of Wall Street now is, to await developments. Shortly after we got there, Joe Ray said: "Lord, boys, we must have some whisky to keep up our courage." Joe rode his horse out, while we rode out in the ambulance, and Joe said to Smith, who by the way was a Swede just over and whose English was not of the best, "You take this dollar and my horse and go to the hotel and get us a quart of whisky." Smith said: "Me tank I not like to go alone." So Joe said: "Oh, hell, go on." Smith started and soon returned, but as he was getting off the horse in his awkward manner, he let the bottle of whisky fall on the rocks and break. You bet Joe made the air blue cursing the poor Swede.

About nine o'clock we were ordered back to town as our cavalry returned without any wounded for us to take care of. On Monday, the 3rd, all the cavalry that was here was ordered out to reconnoiter and advise us of the movements of Price's army. Price's cavalry met our cavalry on the west side of Drywood and then occurred what

was called the battle of Drywood. I think there was in this battle a few wounded on each side and a few horses put out of the way, which was about the extent of the casualties. In the afternoon of that day word came that the whole of Price's army was coming to Fort Scott and to get all the infantry and cavalry that were here out on the hill east of town. The artillery that Lane had was composed of three pieces as different in size as an elephant and a pug dog. The cannon were in charge of some foreigners they had picked up as artillerymen, and there was about the same contrast in them as there was in the cannon. Lane that day ordered all citizens here to be mustered in fort service as an emergency force for a period of fourteen days. When Gen. Lane organized us citizens into an emergency force as fourteen day men, Joe Ray swore he would not carry a musket nor would he join any company under Lane's orders, so Lane ordered him arrested and put in the guardhouse. I, as a corporal, was detailed to take Dr. Miller and John G. Stewart, as privates, and arrest Joe. We did so and put him in the guard house. Joe would stand at the door or at the window, and how he would cuss persons as they went by. Now, Joe was a great coward, and when it was proven to Lane that Joe was a born coward and could not help it instead of being disloyal, Lane ordered him released. Years afterwards, when Joe would get a little full, he would go for me for putting him in the guardhouse. He was kept in one day and a night. In after years when we would want any fun with Joe we would bring up the guardhouse incident.

Guard House of the fort as it looks today. Now used as a calaboose for the city.

There were some forty men, including Ben McDonald, Charley Drake and myself, who were mustered into service, under command of Alex McDonald as captain. And by the way, McDonald, Drake and myself were never mustered out, so I suppose we are still in the service. After Lane had ordered all the troops but our company to the front, he ordered our company to open ammunition and load it in wagons. After we had done this we were then ordered out on the hill with the balance of the troops. As we were marched out we met the cavalry returning from the battle of Drywood, they telling us that Price's army was coming and that we would catch hell. It was about dark when our company met the balance of the forces. We had not been there long until it was found that Price's army was not advancing, so Lane gave the order to countermarch to town. About this time a very heavy thunder and rain storm came up. That night after Lane had held consultations with the colonels of the different regiments he ordered a retreat of all the army to Fort Lincoln, excepting a cavalry company under Colonel Jewell, with instructions to Jewell to burn the town if Price's army came the next day. Colonel Jewell had fagots put in all the buildings so as to apply the torch when necessary. By the way, our company of fourteen day men did not follow General Lane to Fort Lincoln, as we saw fit to act on our own hook. That Monday night Sam Williams, A. R. Allison and myself left town to go north to where Williams' family and some others were camped, about where the Catholic cemetery now

is. By the way, about all the women folks had left town but Aunt Jane Smith and Mrs. Col. Wilson. We did not reach where Williams' people had camped until daylight, as it rained hard all night and we lay in a claim shanty about where Peter Redinger's house now stands. In the morning after getting something to eat I told Williams and Allison that I was going back to town. I did so, and they with their families and others went north and did not stop till they reached Leavenworth.

I met Alex. McDonald in the morning when I returned. The town looked deserted and it was still raining very hard, and we expected Price's army at any time to come and burn the town. Jewell's cavalry kept a look out, but no army appeared. Tuesday and Wednesday night, McDonald, myself and others went out to a claim shanty on Joe Dillon's claim about two miles west of town. Thursday morning when we came to town Col. Jewell told us that he thought Price was breaking camp and moving north. As it had rained every day and night between Monday and Thursday it put Drywood up so high that Price could not get his army across, and this is the reason Fort Scott was not burned at the time.

Price failing to take Fort Scott as expected Gov. Jackson ordered his army north to attack Mulligan at Lexington. When McDonald and I would come to town each morning we expected to see to see the town in ashes. but thanks to the heavy rains which kept Drywood so high, Fort Scott was saved from destruction by Price's army.

A short time afterwards the main body of Lane's army came back to Fort Scott, but left a company or two at Fort Lincoln to garrison it, until later on, when it was abandoned and the improvements moved to Fort Scott.

There were some amusing incidents occurred during the raid by Price and the retreat of Lane's army. One was, my friend, Charley Drake, had tied his horse in the timber along the Marmaton to prepare himself to retreat before marching out bravely with our company to battle, so when Lane ordered a retreat to Fort Lincoln, Drake, supposing that Price's army had come to take Fort Scott started to get his horse and ride north. It was very dark and he did not find his horse till daylight, after traveling around him all night, and when he did find the right place, some one had taken his horse and left an old plug in his place, so Charley came back to town and took his chances with McDonald, myself and others.

Prior to the Price raid on Fort Scott, General Lane had been running the army affairs in his own way, but as I learned later, to my sorrow, he did not have any legal authority from the government to employ me, as a bill of some $300 that was due to me for coffins I had made for the soldiers, I never received, the government claiming Lane had no authority to employ me. It was not long after the Price raid that the government had affairs reorganized and made this a depot for supplies and established a regular quartermaster and commissary here. Captain Insley was made quartermaster and Carter Wilder was made commis-

sary, and things assumed a different aspect than when Lane was running affairs. Col. Doubleday of the Second Ohio cavalry, was first put in command of this post. I made many a coffin for the Second Ohio cavalry. They were a hard set and died off like sheep. They had been mustered in from the slums of Cleveland. The Sixth Kansas cavalry was organized here with Col. Judson, and Lieut. Col. Jewell was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge. Blair's battery was organized here, with Ed. Smith, captain. During the war Fort Scott was a refugee camp and also a camp for sick soldiers in this section, on sick leave. A great deal of this sickness was a hoax, as I worked as high as a dozen of these patients at a time on carpenter work.

In connection with the army at this time were quite a number of scouts, and they generally dressed in the Buffalo Bill costume of today. Among them I well remember Captain Tuff, Mat. St. Clair and Joe Ury. They were a dare devil set and were not very particular how they handled their shooting irons. This same Captain Tuff lately was connected with the horse market at the stock yards at Kansas City, and I think has gathered considerable moss in the business he has been engaged in. I meet him frequently in the lobby of the Coates House at Kansas City, Joe Ury, I believe, lives in Topeka today.

Not long after Fort Scott was made a military depot the principal citizens and officers of the post became quite intimate, and there was no lack of social parties. I remember a masquerade ball

Crawford's Flour Mill. Built 1863.

Woolen Mill, Built 1865.

I think the first woolen mill built to make cloth in Kansas.

held at Captain George Clark's house which was the great social event of that time. At this masquerade one Charlie Rubicam impersonated Billie Barlow. He was not masked, but had his face and clothes arranged in such a way that he looked a perfect likeness of the vagabond, Billie Barlow, and being a good singer he carried out the character by singing the song of Billie Barlow to such perfection that when he came for admission the door-keeper would not let him in, thinking he was a tramp. His most intimate friends did not know him, and he only got in after telling me who he was; and I vouched for him. At this ball I impersonated the old Philadelphia Quaker, having had a drab suit made and well stuffed to give proportions, and long white hair and the regular broad brimmed hat. I made about a fac-simile figure of William Penn's statue on top of the city building in Philadelphia. There were a great many original costumes and it was a big success for a frontier town.

After the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln in 1861, David Manlove was appointed postmaster to succeed William Gallagher, who had served under Buchanan's administration. Mr. Manlove only living a short time after he was appointed, his son, Sam, was appointed to succeed him. In 1862 I built the building for Sam for the use of the post-office on the first floor, and the second floor Sam used for his bachelor quarters. This building stood on the lot where Louis Klingbiel has his saloon today. Sam being one of the boys, a lot of us used to congregate at his room nightly and

amuse ourselves. One night Sam said: "What can we do to have some fun?" (There were present Dave Emmert and two other musicians entertaining us with music.) I said: "Sam, I have a scheme for fun; I will take the Quaker suit that I wore to Clark's masquerade and put it on reversed, and you lead me around with the musicians following and introduce me as the back-sliding Quaker." As we visited different places the musicians would play and I would waltz to the music. In our round we visited Mrs. Alex. McDonald's house and performed in the parlor. Mrs. McDonald not knowing who I was, or knowing that the costume was on wrong side front, said: "Aren't you tired? Please take a seat." I said: "I cannot;" which was the first she knew of the situation. We took in the town, especially the saloons, and wound up in the parlor of the Wilder house to the amusement of the army officers and other guests of the house. It was pronounced by the most critical, a masterpiece in the art of masquerading.

The first oyster parlor in Fort Scott was opened by Julius Neubauer in 1862 over his saloon, in a building next west of Sam Manlove's postoffice building facing on Wall Street. Christina Trechter presided over the institution, and the oysters were dished up in as royal style as in a more pretentious restaurant. It was a great resort for the boys, especially those who had poor boarding houses. This same Christina is now living in Fort Scott, as the wife of the proprietor of the Tremont Hotel, and has not lost any of her early

training, and dispenses meals to the public in as good style as she did forty years ago.

The first flour mill built in Fort Scott was by George A. Crawford in the year 1863, adjoining the saw mill on the south bank of the Marmaton opposite the mouth of Mill Creek. The next flour mill was built in the year 1868, by Col. Sheppard, of Wisconsin, and was located at Third and Clark streets, just west of the railroad embankment. The man who superintended the building of Sheppard's mill, about the time he had it completed, hung himself in the attic of the mill. The supposition was that he got nervous, fearing that the mill might not be successfully built. He was an intelligent, large, fine looking gentleman, whom Col. Sheppard brought with him from Wisconsin, and Mr. Sheppard could not account for his actions. A few years later Deland & Bacon moved a mill here from Mound City and located it on the banks of the Marmaton, in what is called Belltown. The third mill built was the original Goodlander mill in 1871. The Sheppard mill was destroyed by fire in about 1874; the Goodlander mill was partially destroyed by a boiler explosion January 4th, 1876; and it was repaired and later on was added to, and on November 19th, 1887, it was destroyed by fire. The Deland mill having been destroyed by fire the year before, the only flour mill to day in Fort Scott is the third Goodlander mill.

In 1862 and 1863, there was a stockade and an earth fort built at the corner of National Avenue and Second Street, and at the corner of Second

Street and Scott Avenue. At this fort at Second Street and Scott Avenue there was a block house built, the same that now stands on the rear end of the lot occupied by John Bearman's mattress factory. Uncle Billy Smith lived there at that time, and when the war was over he moved the block house to his lot for a stable. There was also a double block house built on the block northwest of the Plaza. There was a twenty-four pound cannon placed at each of these forts. In 1863 there was a fort and barracks ordered built on the high ground about a quarter of a mile east of the old property owned by Uncle Johnny Miller on the hill. The barracks were partly built when the work was ordered stopped. Jack McDonald, later, became owner of the property, but in a few years the unfinished buildings disappeared. From the time Fort Scott was made a military depot, all was serene, and business and building prospered, and business was good all the time during the war. The spring of 1862, there was no hotel except the old Free State and Pro-Slavery Hotels, and there was a demand for more hotel accommodation. George Dimon, that spring, decided to build a hotel; so he made brick where the old glass works were, on the Peter Redinger farm, and commenced building the building that is now occupied by Horace Cohn, on the corner of Main and Wall Streets, and named it the Wilder House, after Carter Wilder, who was the commissary. The house was opened early in 1863 with a grand blow-out, and was a great resort for the army officers.

Old Block House as it looks today, built by government in 1863 at the corner of Second Street and Scott Avenue. Now stands on rear of lot at north-west corner of First Street and Scott Avenue.

From the opening of this hotel by George Dimon and his brother Charley, as landlords, until 1870, it had several landlords, as follows, as near as I can remember:—Wall White, a brother of Jack's; Old Man Lathe, then Palmer and Parmerlee, then Old Joe Darr. Darr was a character. When parties would come in on the stage about the first thing he would say to them after they had registered was "Let's go to the bar and swell the receipts." When a guest would come in and ask, "Is this the Wilder House?" Darr's answer would generally be, "You stay a few days and you will find it is the wildest house you was ever in." Darr would get up all kinds of attractions for the saloon adjoining the house. One day he got a large old fashioned crockery crate and put a couple of young niggers in it in a nude state and made them cut up all kinds of capers and pretend they could not talk. On the crate he had a sign, "The Wild Children of Borneo." The house was a money-maker then. In those days there were no silk hats worn in Fort Scott, for every newcomer who wore one disposed of it immediately after he came here, for he would no sooner get out of the stage at the Wilder House than the boys would say, "Here is another man with a stove pipe; let's go for him," and there was nothing left of that hat in short order. There used to be a substantial farmer who came to town very often. He usually made his headquarters at the Wilder House as he was a great friend of Darr's. He would generally get pretty well loaded before he left for home. One day I met him in the Wilder House and he was

feeling pretty good, but he hadn't got as full as he generally did. I said, "John, how are you?" and he remarked, "Charles, too much water in the whisky." That night when I went home I found him hanging on the picket fence at my house. I said, "John, what is the matter?" and he remarked in a maudlin tone, "Charley, too much whisky in the water."

I had about all the work I could attend to at this time. In the summer of 1863 I built the stone block across the street opposite the Wilder House for Dr. Miller, who at that time was south with the army. The same year I built the first church in Fort Scott for the Presbyterians—the same now occupied by Moody's marble yard. Up to this time the lumber used for building was native, such as walnut, oak, sycamore, elm, and so forth. When I got the contract for the Miller Block and Presbyterian Church, I found that I must have some pine lumber, so I commenced hauling pine lumber from Leavenworth. I paid as high as $100 per thousand for the lumber at Leavenworth, and $60 a thousand for freighting it down here, making it cost me $160 per thousand. I would sell it at $200 a thousand, as I had to make my regular profit of twenty-five per cent.

About this time the first gift enterprise came to town and was held in Uncle Johnny Miller's store, The man had his prizes in a large show case on the counter on one side of the store. A few days after the man was running his scheme some of the boys complained it was a gouge game. Doc. Van Pelt, Burns Gordon and myself, being together

and having some fun, on hearing this report about the gift enterprise, concluded we would go in and try our luck. Van Pelt caught the man at his tricks and got mad, and, notwithstanding our efforts we could not keep him from getting up and walking through the show case, which he did, and broke up the gift enterprise. We were all three arrested by Deacon Jones, who was marshal at that time, and we each paid him $10 for our appearance before the recorder, but we never appeared. Besides this it cost us $100 we had to pay the gift enterprise man, and he left town with his wrecked case of prizes, and said the town was too hot a place for him: so, in total, we were out $130.00 for our fun: but money was no object in those days, as fun we would have without counting the cost.

The same year, 1863, I built the City Hall, which cost $4,500. The same was raised by personal subscription. This hall was used a few years for that purpose, and then was offered to the county as a court house free for a number of years. They then removed the county seat here, which was at that time located at Marmaton, seven miles west. This offer brought the county seat here and continued it here permanently. The city sold the hall eventually to the county and it was used for court house purposes until the present court house was built. The building was built of stone, was condemned a few years ago and torn down. This building was on the lot on the corner of Second Street and National Avenue, where the fire tower now stands, and is now owned

by the city with the prospect of building a city hall in the future. The first story was used by the city officers, the second story was all in a hall, which was used for public meetings and exhibitions of all kinds.

I had built a winding stairway in this hall, ceiled up for banister to receive rail on top. I did not know enough to put a rail on the stair, so as I had a big fellow in my employ by the name of Burgess, who claimed he could do anything, and said he could put a rail on the stair, I told him to go ahead. I got him some thick walnut lumber to make the rail out of. He went to work cutting and fitting and drafting for a week, and made a rail, but it would no more fit the stairs than it would a worm fence, and looked more like a distorted snake than it did a hand rail for a stairway. He made a second attempt with no better success, and threw all his work under the bench and it lay there for years as a sample of his stair rail building. The city was lenient and accepted the building with the understanding that some day I was to put a rail on the stairway, but it was only a couple of years until the building was given to the county, so I was released from putting up a rail, and to the day the building was torn down it got along without a rail.

In the early spring of 1865, just before the close of the war, one of the greatest shows on earth was held in this hall. Like all towns, the church people were hard up, and were giving entertainments to raise money. The Episcopal and Catholic churches would have dances to raise money;

Presbyterian Church. built 1863. The first church built in Fort Scott. Now occupied by a manufacturer of tomb stones.

the Methodists, socials and parties : so about this time the Presbyterian people decided they must raise some money, but they did not want a dancing party and hardly knew what they did want. J. R. Morley in those days, was the leader of amusements, and had prior to this time put on the boards some very fair amateur performances with the material there was on hand at that time; so some of the ladies, Mrs. Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Redfield, Mrs. Jewell and Barney Eberhardt, talked to Mr. Morley on the question. "Well," he said: "What do you want?" "Well, we don't want any dance, but something different, that has a moral influence." If I am not mistaken Morley was never a Bob Ingersoll or a Beecher, but agreed to help the church out, so the ladies gave him carte blanche to get up a performance. Mr. Morley came to me and said: "Charley, Aunt Jane Smith and the balance of the blue stocking women want an entertainment, and if you will join with me we will see if we can't get them up something they won't forget." So Morley and I went to work and decided to have a combination show —the first part to be a circus and menagerie,—the second part a minstrel and vaudeville, and the after piece a railroad wreck or tragedy. So Morley and I were about ten days making the property for the show, consisting of lion heads, banners, elephant's trunks, imitations of horses, and so forth. The lion head was a huge affair, made of wire and covered with buffalo skin. Then we picked out all the star performers of the day to help us put the play on the stage. The following

were the artists of that memorable performance: J. R. Morley, ringmaster; C. W. Goodlander, clown and lion imitator; Mark Shaffenburg (Van Amberg) the lion tamer; Jack White, bare-back rider; Ken Williams, acrobat; and then in the minstrel and vaudeville were Dave Emmert, vocalist and fat boy; Ken Williams, ballet dancer; Ben McDonald, (by-the-way, Ben made the ugliest darkey I ever saw), Charley Clark, negro comedians—in the play of "Stocks Up and Stocks Down." In the railroad wreck George Clark was conductor, and the passengers were composed of some of our prominent citizens, dressed as Dutch, Irish, Italian, and so forth, and negroes and market women; and a motley crew it was. I well remember George A. Crawford represented an old country woman with a squalling baby in her arms: Joe Ray was peanut boy; George Clark had prepared the explosion of the engine, and when the wreck occurred everybody thought the house would fall.

This closed the show, and it was pronounced a grand success. But when all was over the Presbyterian women said to Morley and I: "Well, boys, you did give us a show, but it was hardly up to church morals; but we can forgive you for the $700 you put into our treasury, raised without giving a dance, that has corrupt influence upon the young." This show was held about the time the rebellion was at an end, and the town was full of officers and they gave liberally, and everybody felt good, over the prospect of the war coming to a close. General Blunt and several

other leading officers were present. Jack White and Dave Emmert formed the elephant, and during the performance we had a boy carrying beer by the bucket full and drew it up through a window in the dressing room, and some of the performers got quite full, and especially Jack and Dave, the elephant men, so when they went on in the elephant act, I, then acting as clown, observed that they were pretty shaky, and I looked for something that was not on the bill. When the elephant appeared I introduced the animal by the name of General Blunt. Ringmaster Morley said: "Why do you call him Blunt?" I said: "Because he is a good drinker." This brought the house down, as all knew Blunt's failing. Ken Williams rode the elephant in regular Hindoo custom. Directly I saw that the animal was getting shaky and would come to pieces. I said: "Ringmaster, why is the elephant like the Southern Confederacy at the present time?" "I give it up," said Ringmaster Morley. I said: "Because it is falling to pieces." Just then Jack and Dave commenced falling on the floor, and the elephant collapsed amidst the roar of the audience. I had covered the hoops, for banners, for the bare back riders to jump through. The cover was made out of the New York Observer, the leading Presbyterian paper of the age, and I would hold them out in plain view to the deacons and deaconesses of the church to see. When I took the part of the lion I had a tight fitting clown suit on, with a huge tail attached and a lion's head over my head, Shaffenburg would put his head in my mouth, and I would growl and,

he would feed me on old shoes and boots, and with all his caressing and feeding, I got mad and drove him off of the stage. When the show was over the actors adjourned down town for refreshments, and made a night of it. We considered this our farewell performance.

One of the leading ladies of the church, Aunt Jane Smith, whose Scotch Presbyterianism had a hard struggle with her Scotch thrift before it would consent to the circus, would on no account agree to patronize the show in person. So she opened an ice dream stand in the hall on the first floor, just east of the stairs near the windows, and here she decided to stay during the performance above. As the applause increased in noise and frequency, she grew correspondingly restless, and finally during a burst of applause more emphatic than usual, she dropped the ice cream dipper and tip-toed upstairs just to see what it was all about. That lapse from her high resolve proved her undoing, or at least that of the ice cream venture, for during her absence, which took in a whole act, a dozen or more little darkeys entered an open window and disposed of most of the cream. Aunt Jane's first inkling of what had occurred was when she descended the stairs and saw a dozen dusky forms going out of the window like so many frogs. What cream was left Aunt Jane would no offer for sale, as the little marauders had used their hands instead of spoons in helping themselves. At this time I was sweet on one Josie Hayward and I had taken her to the show. She was a very modest girl and when she saw me play-

Sectional View of Market Street 1863; Building on Back Ground Hospital Building of the Fort.

ing clown and lion in tights, she became disgusted and had her big brother take her home before the show ended.

During the year of '65 McDonald Hall Block was built south of the Wilder House, the same building now occupied by the Citizen's National Bank and other business houses. The upper floor of that building was one large hall with a stage in one end of it. After this all shows, both amateur and professional, were held in this hall up to the time the opera house was built.

As a sample of some of the shows held in this hall, (through the kindness of John R. Morley, who is now living in Saginaw, Michigan, and by the tone of a letter which I received from him some months ago, I should judge he is just as lively and full of fun as he was thirty-five years ago), I will here reproduce, mostly, his version of said amusements.

The next plays, after the great moral show held in the city hall, were held in the above hall, the prominent features of which were Madame Jarley's Wax Works; Dick Darling, the Cobbler; a song by Lord Lovell, and a disaster on the Fort Scott and Mound City Railroad. Our star piece afterwards was the Beheading of John, the Baptist, a tableau intensely original with our company, and which was so well liked that we had to repeat it the following evening. I well remember that we used Wall White's, a brother of Jack White, head for that of John, the Baptist, his face resembling very much the pictures of that apostle, as shown up in history. C. F. Drake made the tin

helmets, shields and spears and armor for our bare legs and arms of the Roman Soldiers. White was seated under the carpeted stair leading up to the elevated seat occupied by Herod and his family, with his head protruding through a hole cut for the purpose and it resting in a large tin (supposed to be silver) service, which had a false bottom fitted close around his neck, with white powder rubbed into his face and beef blood sprinkled over it and running in small pools over the bottom of the dish. White's head was a terror to behold, and nearly caused many of the ladies present to faint. The second night something very amusing occurred to those behind the scenes, connected with the presentation of this same tableau. At the last moment we found to our dismay that we had forgotten the bladder of beef blood and we had to take some carmine ink and use it as a substitute for blood. This was an excellent substitute, only the ink, being largely composed of ammonia or some other pungent material, caused something we did not look for in the program, for as the curtain went up a spasmodic twitching took place all over White's face, a phenomenon that caused the audience to go wild with delight, for this was just as a head ought to behave, as they thought, freshly decapitated, and the result that we had intended, but we behind the scenes looked upon the phenomenon in an entirely different light and trembled at the fiasco that threatened us, for White during these contortions in a low whisper managed to say "quick, quick, boys, lower the curtain, I have got to

McDonald Hall
Built 1865.

Wilder House
Built 1862.

If they could talk what tales they could tell of the time from 1862 to 1870.

sneeze." Down went the curtain just in time for the explosion of sneeze that followed, or more correctly, sneezes. One, two, three, if not four, encores followed, and it was by the skin of our teeth that we were enabled each time the curtain was raised to lower it quick enough to cover White's sneezes. What threatened to be its ruin proved to be the most successful feature of the tableau.

It was at one of our tableax at McDonald Hall that another amusing incident took place. Capt. George Clark was stage manager and I had some other position for the time being. Clark was regretting that we had no scenery, something that no respectable theatre company could be without. He thought we ought to have a painting of a house if nothing else, as it could be made to do duty in most any kind of a play. Turning to Tom Herbert, who was standing by, he asked him if he could paint a house. Tom thought he could, so he was engaged right on the spot as our scenic artist, and taking the canvas over to his shop he immediately set to work. Now, all know that Herbert is a conscientious workman. He had agreed to put a house on the canvas and he was not going to shirk the obligation in the least in anything pertaining to a well built and complete house that his contract called for, so he first made a good stone foundation about two and a half feet high, and upon this he put the brick walls and roof and painted in the door and windows. As the canvas was about nine feet high, all that our stage ceiling would admit of, you can easily imagine the dimen-

sions of that house and the peculiar effect it had when set on a stage adapted in size to appear perspective, say five miles away. It was intended to represent an ordinary size house a foot away only from the audience. The play that we intended this scene for was "The Serenader." A very tall man by the name of Ives in the employ of C. W. Goodlander, was to act as the serenader, with his guitar. He was to sing and play for the benefit of his lady love under the window of her house. The climax of the play was to be the appearance of the old Dutch father in the window, clad in his night gown, to administer to the astonished musician something more substantial than a bouquet. I shall never forget the dismay depicted in Capt. Clark's face when he first saw and stood looking at the painting. Herbert looked bewildered, but could not see that it was his fault that tall Ives, who was standing before it, could look right over the top of the house. Like the tailor, he, Herbert, thought he had to to be governed by the size of the cloth. It was in dimensions and appearance the size of a fair sized smoke house. Turning to me Clark said, "This will never do: Morley, can't you suggest some way out of the difficulty." I replied, "Captain, I have never painted a piece of scenery, but I think I could accomplish something that will answer for the occasion if I tried." "By all means, try," says Clark, "as another entertainment is set for tomorrow evening and we have no time to lose." The canvas was carried back to Herbert's shop, and I set to work. After painting over the old picture with a suitable color, I suc-

ceeded in putting on the canvas a very satisfactory scene for the requirements of the coming play. Herbert's difficulty was overcome by painting in only part of the house, which included the second story windows; to this was added a fence, and included trees and a full moon shedding its light over all. I remember when the curtain went up I was as much astonished at the general effect as the audience, who received it with much hand clapping. One of our most amusing plays was a pantomine, entitled "The Gouty Baron and the Magic Box." Jack White took the part of the baron and he acted the part well. Charley Goodlander was the court jester or harlequin; Ben McDonald and Charley Rubicam were the attendants of the old baron. The jester would perform all kinds of tricks on the old baron and he would ring for his attendants to come and catch the jester. Every time they came the jester would jump into the magic box, and the attendants would open the box but could not find him. All acting was in pantomine. The magic box was quite a mystery to the audience, as the sudden appearance and disappearance of the jester was a great source of wonto them.

Another play or after piece which was quite amusing and suitable for the frontier, was "The Arkansas Traveller." By this time John R. Morley had become an adept at painting scenery for our entertainments. He painted the Arkansas log house and surroundings to perfection for this play.

The first bank established in Fort Scott was in the fall of 1862. I was with Alex McDonald in

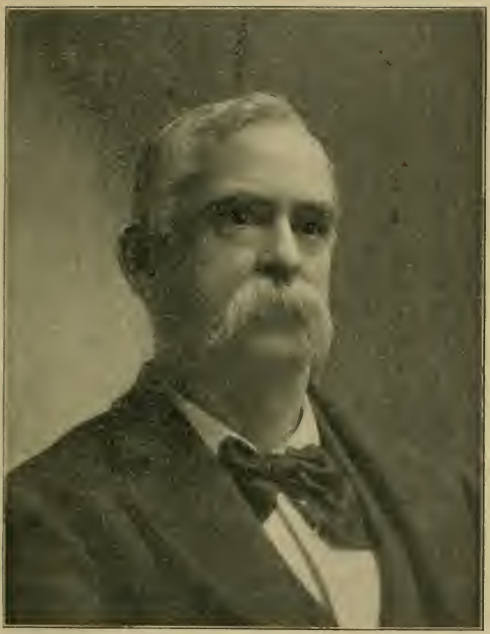
Chicago in January, 1863, when he bought a safe for his bank. I think this was the first safe brought to Fort Scott. It was all cast iron. The same safe stands in my lumber office to-day. Charlie Osbun was cashier of the bank. It was in the rear end of McDonald's store, which stood on the corner of Scott Avenue and Wall Street. The bank was on the corner of the alley and Wall Street, where Hafer's tailor shop now is. One night John Dillon, a clerk in McDonald's store, was sitting in the bank with Tom Bridgens, city attorney, and John G. Stewart, Jack White, Sam Manlove and myself had been in Julius Neubauer's saloon, just across the alley, and being in good condition for fun, we saw Dillon in the bank, and at the same time seeing a lot of empty salt barrels in the alley, we concluded to play a trick on McDonald's clerk. We piled the salt barrels up against the door, so that when he opened the door they would fall in on him. Our scheme worked all right, but we had not counted on the legal adviser that was in John's company, when lo, and behold, the next morning we were all arrested for attempting the life of John Dillon. Squire Margrave at that time was city recorder, and we were all marched up to the office by the marshal, followed by quite a number of people. Tom Bridgens, city attorney, presented the case. He had trumped up some witnesses for his side and had made a strong case against us. Jack White said: "Boys, we have no lawyer to plead our case." "Oh, pshaw," said Sam Manlove: "No use going to that expense: I am as much of

a lawyer as Tom Bridgens is, and I will plead our case and save a lawyer's fee." After the prosecuting attorney had finished his side of the case, Sam got up and made a great plea, and said affairs had got to a great state in this town if the boys could not have a little fun without being arrested, and he did not see that John Dillon's life was in any danger by the weight of empty salt barrels falling on him, and the whole thing was trumped up by Attorney Bridgens just to show his authority. After Sam had got through with his plea he said to Judge Margrave: "You was a boy one time, and you know how it is on the frontier, as you have spent all your life here; I submit our case to your honor, and our defense is a good one and you know it." The judge smole one of those quiet smiles of his, and said: "Boys, I am sorry that instead of being home in bed, you have been making owls of yourselves; a complaint for attempting a fellow citizen's life is a serious affair; and as I want to be as easy as I can, I will only give you the minimum fine I can impose, $5.00 and costs apiece, making the amount of fine $7.50. We each had to fork over. We kicked, but it did no good. "Pay, or go to the lock-up," said the judge; so the lark that night cost us each the court fine, beside the amount it took to get us in condition to attempt a fellow citizen's life, and in those days that material was not very cheap. We tried later on to get even with Dillon, by having him arrested for carrying concealed weapons, but did not succeed, as his attorney, Bridgens,

warned him of the danger of being arrested by us if he did so, so he told Dillon to keep his pistol in sight until we got over being mad.

In 1862 was about the first advent of the drummer or commercial traveler visiting Fort Scott, and in those days, as they are now, they were hale fellows well met, and the boys here were always ready to entertain them and give them the best the town afforded. They most always left town the worse for wear and loss of sleep and funds. One day a drummer came who was quite fresh, and he made the remark that he understood we boys got away with all the drummers that came to Fort Scott, and that he was going to hold up the reputation of the fraternity, that he was able to take care of No. 1. Well, this remark was enough for the boys to take him in charge and deal out to him the best the town afforded. By midnight he became so beastly full that we decided the best place for him was in the stable; so we took him to the stage barn, he being in such condition that he did not know the difference between a bed of straw in a stall with a halter around his neck, and a feather bed with his wife's arms around his neck. The next morning some of the boys went to look after our traveling friend of the night before, and lo, and behold, he was gone. The stage left in the early morning, and he had got up early enough to catch the first stage and leave town without bidding us good-bye. He never returned to my knowledge.

Fort Scott people had the reputation of entertaining strangers the best they knew how, and I



C. H. Osbun, born in Pennsylvania. Came to Fort Scott, April 1858. Now living. An old bachelor. The first bank cashier of Fort Scott and the financial confidant of the ladies.

don't think it has lost its prestige in that line up to the present day.

From this time on, more or less traveling men made their appearance to Fort Scott to educate the Fort Scott merchants in the new departure of buying goods, and by the late sixties and the advent of the railroads they became quite plentiful and were heartily welcomed by the hotels of that date. The Fort Scott boys met their match in the pioneer drummer of '68, '69 and '70, and gave up the amusement of hitching them in a stable, as they did the first one that came. There were some fine samples of men, both as to physique, good looks and honorable, up-right gentlemen of the grip among the pioneer commercial men of that day. I well remember among them the following: Mike Gallagher, Frank Riggs, Jimmy Morehead, Barney Dixon and John Ladd, who were all a credit to the profession and were men with whom the present drummer would be proud to have been acquainted. The commercial traveler, like the railroad, was a civilizer on the frontier. A bust of these five gentlemen drummers I have mentioned would be an ornament to set up in any of the lodges of the travelling fraternity of today. They are all dead. Their image is still green in my memory, and I shall never forget the enjoyable times that I have had with them in years gone by. Peace to their ashes, and if in the hereafter, as I hope, I shall meet them, it will be an enjoyable meeting.

Please pardon my digression,—the commercial traveller of today is a large factor in the commer-

cial business of the country, and could not well be dispensed with (as the people have become educated in that way of buying goods) any more than the railroads, telegraph and other improvements made in the last fifty years, that have enabled commerce to spread, which could not have been done forty or fifty years ago when the commercial traveller was an unknown party.

Go back to the days when the genial traveling man with his grip was not buying a thousand mile ticket, patronizing railroads and hotels and coquetting with the good looking waiter girls, there would not be the business for railroads and hotels that are now kept up to a great extent by the patronage of the smiling and generally good-natured man with his grip, and I dare say there is not a town in the country but that some of the lassies look forward with pleasure for the regular appearance of the knight of the road, (especially the younger of the fraternity) and vie with each other for his attention. In a nutshell, the man with the grip is indispensible to business and the social world. Long may he live and hold his grip.

About this time in addition to commercial travellers, the railroad travelling agent made his appearance, advertising his railroad. They were generally called "The Tack Hammer Brigade," and they were not behind the commercial traveller in any way. As I remember the first of these tack hammer men who made their appearance here were A. C. Dawes, Joe Gibbs, Gid Baxter, Andy Atkins, Pat Humphrey, Joe Lyon and Henry Gar-

land. I became well acquainted with them, and they were men whom it was a pleasure to meet. The first four are dead now, I believe, but Pat Humphrey, Joe Lyon and Henry Garland are as alive as they were over thirty years ago. I frequently meet them as of old and they each still claim their railroad is the only one fit to travel over.

In 1860, the first wagon scales or hay scales put up in Fort Scott was owned by Joe Ray and Jack White jointly, and was built in the street at the junction of Main and Market, in front of where Rodecker's store now is. Joe and Jack's place of business was just opposite on Market street, and they alternately attended the weighing, and the money they took in for weighing they deposited in the beam-box, where they kept a bottle of whiskey; so every time they weighed a wagon they deposited the proceeds in the beam-box and took a drink.

When the bottle was empty, they took their money on hand and replenished it. Joe used to say, "That is the only way to run a saloon; no one can dead beat you for a drink."

In 1862 Jack White established the first hard wood lumber yard here. Joe used to joke Jack a good deal about his lumber. As any one knows, native lumber, especially elm, is more or less of a warpy nature. Joe used to say that Jack had to have a tight board fence to keep his lumber from crawling out of the yard and that his lumber was so crooked he had to measure it with a cork screw, and that his lumber yard was like a saloon, he had to use a cork screw to dispose of his goods. Joe

would make the remark every time that he entered Jack's yard, that he thought he had snakes, as the lumber was crawling so much. Joe was a rabid democrat and Jack was a rabid republican, and many a quarrel they would have over politics, but they would wind up with a compromise by going to the scale beam box and taking a drink. Joe was a great coward, and the boys were all the time playing a great many tricks on him, such as putting terrapins in his bed, coons in his room, and all kinds of tricks.

In the early days we used to have a great many hunting parties, and Jack White and Joe Ray always went along to attend to the cooking, as they enjoyed that much better than to carry a gun. They always bragged on their soup. One day a half dozen of us were on a hunt east on the state line, and when we came to dinner we found the soup pretty thick with leaves. We asked: "Boys, what are those leaves doing in the soup?" They spoke up and said they were sassafras leaves that they had put in to season the soup with. We were hungry as bears and ate the soup and strained it through our teeth. The cause of the leaves in the soup we found out afterwards, was that the boys had got pretty full and had knocked over the tripod that the pot hung on and the contents were emptied on to a bed of leaves, and they had hurriedly gathered up soup and leaves and put it back in the pot and took out the larger leaves. It was at this hunt that Sam Manlove and I got into one Baker's barnyard and shot some of Baker's barnyard fowl, as we had failed to get any wild game.

THE TWO CRONIES.

Joe Ray,
Died
Feb. 15, 1869.

Jack White,
Died
Dec. 23, 1869.

Sam pinned a card on the door of Baker's house (the family being away at church) telling him to call at the postoffice at Fort Scott and get his pay for the chickens. I shot at a chicken along by a row of gooseberry bushes, not knowing that Sam was on the other side of the bushes, and I filled the calf of his leg full of bird shot. He limped around for a couple of weeks, a sure remembrance of that hunt.

George Stockmeyer, about this time, as he does now, in Fort Scott, sold vegetables and berries, and would go barefooted as a sign of fair weather, as he was always more or less of a weather prophet—as he now is. So when the boys saw Stockmeyer barefooted they concluded it was a good time for out door exercises. One day he came to town with his old horse and sulky and had on a lot of gooseberries for sale. A lot of the boys, who were out having a good time, tackled Stockmeyer and his rig and undertook to take him, horse, sulky and all, into Julius Neubauer's saloon, but as they could not get the sulky through the door they unhitched the horse and took him into the saloon. The boys gave the basket of gooseberries to Julius and told him to make a gooseberry punch for the crowd, including Stockmeyer and his horse. After the punch was made they poured a couple of glasses down the horse's throat and then all drank a toast to Stockmeyer and his horse. After the proceedings were over they hitched the horse to the sulky and put Stockmeyer aboard, and having paid him for his berries, he drove off happy that he had made so good a sale.

The winters, from the time I came to Fort Scott until 1863, some five years, were very mild, scarcely any snow, and ice two inches thick was a rarity. January, 1863, gave us a good snow and made good sleighing, but where were the cutters to enjoy it. Everybody wanted to have a sleighride as a diversion. Captain Insley said to me, "Let's get up a sleigh party and go to Marmaton." He said, "With your carpenter shop and the government shop we will have a half dozen rural sleds made, and get all the boys and girls and have a good time." We succeeded in getting up quite a number of rigs and filled them with a lively crowd. We drove up to the hotel at Marmaton, told the landlord we wanted a room to dance in and supper. The landlord said the only room he had to dance in was the dining room. We said we would use that for the dance and would substitute a hand-a-round for supper. There was a large red-hot stove in the dining room that was in the way, and hot as it was we carried it out. We did not have to look around for music as we had taken it along with us, as well as plenty of liquid refreshments. The dance for the kind was a success, the sleighride was superb, especially on our way home at four o'clock in the morning. This was my first sleighing in Kansas, as generally the snow in this locality was rare in those days, but when it did come we got some sport out of it.

In the summer of 1863, the first Italian musicians made their appearance on the streets of Fort Scott—another sign of civilization from the far east. There was a harpist, violinist, flute and

piccolo players, and they made the best music we had heard in Fort Scott, and the boys feeling good over hearing the music concluded they would use this band and have some fun. George Clark said: "Charley, what shall we do, and have this band play for us?" Now for a year or two Roach had kept a pet bear chained in the yard of his house, and we used to have considerable fun playing with the bear. I said: "Clark, let's have a bear parade;" so it was decided that Clark should act as manager, I to be bear tamer and performer, Tom Corbett to lead the bear while marching, Ken Williams, acrobat and cannon ball tosser, Bill Norway, big Indian. We were all dressed in costume to suit our part of the performance. The bear was no cub,—he weighed over 200 pounds. After getting the Italian band and the performers together we went up and asked Roach for the use of his bear. He granted the request on promise of safe return. About the time we were ready to start there was a great crowd ready to follow, so Clark gave the command to march, and ordered all followers to fall in line. I led the procession looking like a matador at a bull fight; Tom Corbett next, leading the bear, then Ken Williams and Bill Norway, then the Italian band, with the procession of citizens behind; we made quite an imposing appearance. The idea was to march to different points of interest, especially saloons, and give a performance at each of these places to the music of the band. I would waltz and wrestle with the bear to the tune of the music, then Williams and Norway would go through with their specialties,

and Clark, while the show was going on, would dilate on the virtues of the show and the great expense he had been to, to import it from sunny Italy. After each performance the party we visited would set up refreshments—mostly in liquid form. We first went to the Wilder House, next to the different saloons and the officers' headquarters. Mr. Bear all this time appeared to like the fun as well as the boys. After winding up at the officers' quarters I said: "Clark, take us out to John R. Morley's house and give a performance there." Clark said: "What do you want to go there for? There are no liquid refreshments." I answered Clark and told him, "There are two young ladies, tenderfeet, from Ohio, visiting Mr. Morley, and Jack White and John Dillon are sweet on them, and the two boys are out there now, and I think it best to give the girls a taste of frontier amusement." We marched up to Morley's house—he lived then in the house that Henry Neubauer resides in now. The Morley household hearing the music coming were all out on the veranda; we marched into the yard in good order, George Clark introducing us in grand style. Norway led off with the Indian dance, Ken Williams with his performance, leaving me for the great finale. Mr. Bear was in great trim, and I think Mr. Bear, like myself, wanted to show off to the eastern girls, and we entered into our performance with great gusto. First, we waltzed around and around and courtesied to the ladies and then we went to wrestling and tumbling on the ground. About this time, unknown to the audience, Mr. Bear sank his

teeth through my boot into the calf of my leg; but paying no attention to the bite, I finished up the performance, and then remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bear has given me information that he is tired of this damned show, and I think we will now retire." I said to Tom Corbett, "You lead the bear back to Old Roach," and to Clark and the other performers, "Go with me to Doc. Redfield's." "What for," they said; and I said: "My boot is full of blood, and my leg is sore where the bear bit me." This was the first intimation they had that I was hurt. This ended the memorable bear show and parade, which was the talk of the town for a long while.

By the end of the war Fort Scott had become a town of some 3000 inhabitants, and all kinds of business was good, and from the time it was made a regular military depot until the fall of 1864 the troops that were here had nothing to do except routine duty at the fort, but there was more or less irregular warfare raids, and incidents that occurred between the first Price raid and the last one. There was a raid by guerillas from the Indian Country on the town of Marmaton, which was a bad one, as they killed several inhabitants at that time and escaped south after doing their devilish work. Then there was a raid from our Union forces at Fort Scott on Baxter's store. They killed old man Baxter and robbed his store and carried off his loose property. This store was where Baxter Springs is now and that town was named after old man Baxter. This killing of Baxter was a cold blooded affair and there was

no excuse for it. It was condemned by all, if it was done by Union forces. Then there was what we called the Col. Blunt or Baxter massacre. Col. Blunt with a command was taking a train of supplies to Fort Gibson, and with this command was the band of the 12th Wisconsin, composed mostly of young Germans, going to their regiment, which was stationed south of Gibson. As this command was in the neighborhood of Baxter Store a large force of mounted guerillas from Missouri, either with Quantrell or a man by the name of Taylor, made a dash on Blunt's troops, taking them without warning, and killed quite a number of soldiers, among them several officers, and the worst and most cruel deed on record was the shooting down of all the innocent German band boys in cold blood. By the time Blunt got his command rallied to defend, the guerillas fled back into Missouri. The guerillas did not get any of the supplies, as they were more for killing than stealing. The troops here in camp, for a little recreation, used to go foraging in Missouri now and then. There was a report current among us here at that time that a squad of the Third Wisconsin in one of these raids had stolen a saw mill and brought it to Kansas, and a few days later some of them out on a raid were taken prisoners, and as a joke the boys said they had been back after the mill dam and got caught. At one time in one of these raids they even brought in a bell they had taken from a Campbellite Church over in Missouri. There were more or less court martials going on, men condemned for

desertion and murder. I knew of several being drummed out of camp myself by order of the court martial, and that one of the most cold blooded killings that occurred at that time was done by a man named Prazell, who was an officer in a Missouri Union State Militia Company stationed over in Vernon County. He went to the house of August Baker, one of the most substantial farmers of that date, whose farm was east of here just in Missouri beyond the state line. For what cause no one but himself ever knew, but in the presence of Baker's wife, who begged for her husband's life, this man shot Baker to death in cold blood. He was arrested and brought to Fort Scott and was tried by court martial, and as shooting was too good for him, they condemned him to be hung. The scaffold was erected out towards the government corrall about where the Presbyterian Church stands, on the prairie. He went to the gallows reading a Bible. I think he was one of the first men hung in Kansas according to law, military law. While in Leavenworth I attended the hanging of a man by the name of Horn in January, 1863, who was said to be the first man hung in Kansas according to civil law.

This was all the war excitement until the fall of 1864, which was called the second Price raid on Fort Scott. During the occupation of Fort Scott as a military post and depot it was commanded, as near as I can remember, by Col. Doubleday, Major Henning, and our old townsman, General Blair, who by the way, at the battle of Wilson

Creek, Mo., took command after the death of General Lyons, and the wounding of Generals Dietzler and Mitchell, and showed himself equal to the occasion, just as if he had been an old regular. Gen. Price in the fall of 1864, marched north to the Missouri River in the eastern part of Missouri, and then west on the side of the Missouri River to the western border of Missouri. When he reached the Blue River in Jackson County, he marched his army south along the border, being followed by the Union forces under Gen. Pleasanton. Pleasanton's command overtook him in Linn County, near where the town of Pleasanton now stands, and there occurred the battle of Mine Creek. Price's army was routed and a large number of prisoners taken, including several officers, and one complete battery of artillery. The prisoners, both officers and privates were brought to Fort Scott, also the captured artillery. I remember distinctly seeing the officers under guard standing at the corner of the Wilder House, now Horace Cohn's store. Among them was Gen. Cable, Gen. Marmaduke, and one Gen. Chester. In later years this same Gen. Marmaduke was elected governor of Missouri, and Cable I met afterwards in Dallas, Texas, of which city he was then mayor. The privates were put in the block house and stockade which I previously mentioned as being moved from Fort Lincoln, and the officers were placed under guard at the Wilder House, and held a few days, when all, both officers and privates, were paroled. After the capture of a part of Price's army at Mine

Creek the remaining army moved on south with the intention of taking Fort Scott in the retreat, but they were followed so closely by the Union Army that when they got on the hill where the Shinn farm is now located they could see with a field glass that the only ford leading into Fort Scott was well protected with artillery placed on the bluff north-east of the Plaza and if they undertook to force the ford with the Union Army in the rear, they stood a good show of being captured: so they moved east on the north side of the Marmaton and crossed a ford some ten miles east in Missouri, and moved south and escaped. That night Pleasanton's army came into Fort Scott about worn out and went into camp after a week's steady march. After a week or so Pleasanton's command was distributed to other points, and affairs in Fort Scott settled down to the regular routine, and business revived, as this move of Price's was supposed to be about the last demonstration in this section. The morning that the battery of artillery was brought here there was quite a little sensation occurred. The artillery was standing in Wall street and one piece that stood opposite the rear end of the opera house was in a depressed condition the same as when being transported: the street was full of people but just in front of the cannon there was a space of some fifty feet where there happened to be no one. I was standing just opposite the cannon on the sidewalk, when I heard a smart aleck say, "I'll show you how they fire off a cannon." He

took an artillery match from his pocket and placed it in the touch hole and pulled the string, when lo, and behold a loud report.

The cannon had been captured with a load in it and no one knew any better. One fellow had his head pretty close to the muzzle of the gun and had his hair and eyebrows terribly scorched. The cannon was loaded with a time shell, and when it struck the ground it rebounded and went through the top of a house that stood where the Goodlander Hotel now stands. This house I had built and it was occupied at this time by my brother's family, whose wife was up stairs at the time the shell passed over her head and exploded on the roof of the house now occupied by Henry Neubauer. There was no more fooling with the captured artillery after that. The town of Pleasanton, Linn County, was named after General Pleasanton. In the spring of 1865, as we all know, the war closed, and the troops that were here were mustered out or moved away and a good many supposed the town would go backwards after the removal of the support derived from the military depot. For some months it did look that way, but by the fall of 1865, the town commenced to forge ahead, and by the time the Kansas City & Fort Scott railroad reached here the 7th day of December, 1869, it was a town of some 4500 inhabitants.

As an evidence of the appearance of the western border of Missouri after the war I give the following incident. In the summer of 1865, John R. Morley and his wife started together for a trip to

House built by C. W. Goodlander in 1863, as it looks today. Stood where the Goodlander Hotel is now. The house the shell went through, fired from the captured cannon.

St. Louis. The only public conveyance in those days to St. Louis was by way of Kansas City. We took stage to Kansas City and stopped over night in Kansas City in a hotel on the corner of Fourth and Main, called the Colorado House, and the next morning took a hack to Pleasant Hill, then the western terminus of the Missouri Pacific railway. The country between Kansas City and Pleasant Hill presented a desolate appearance, as during the war it had been laid waste by the raids of Jenison and his gang from Kansas. Now and then you could see a lone house that had escaped the hands of the Jayhawkers, but as far as the eye could reach in every direction you could see lone chimneys standing singly and in pairs, all that was left at that time of what was called good homesteads. The grass had grown over the foundations and left no sign of there ever having been a house where the chimneys stood. As we were passing along, Mrs. Morley in surprise said to me, "Charley, what were those chimneys built for?" and I remarked: "Mrs. Morley, the early settlers of Missouri were of quite an economical turn and slow and sure and did not expend any money unless they had a sure thing of getting something for it," (which, by the way, was one of the things that gave the state the name of slow old Missouri by people who were very venturesome). I said, "Mrs. Morley, do you see that house in the distance, there is a chimney at each end built onto the outside of the house?" She answered, "Yes, and ain't it strange they build the chimneys out doors." I replied, "No, for they, to be sure

of what they are doing, will build the chimney first and give them a test, and if they do not draw well they do not build to them; those chimneys you see standing alone are ones that did not draw and to which no house was built." Mrs. Morley asked: "Why, Charley, is that so," and, turning to her husband, queried, "Is what Charley said true?;" Morley, without cracking a smile says, "I guess it is so, as Charley being a builder ought to know." Mrs. Morley asked no more questions about the chimneys and accepted the situation without any more comment on the subject on our way to Pleasant Hill. There we took the train to St. Louis.

In front of the Wilder House were posts and a rail on top to tie horses to. This rail was quite broad and made a good seat, so late at night the boys used to sit on this rail telling yarns, not wanting to go to bed. One night along in 1867, Jack White, Billy Robinson and myself, were sitting there about half asleep, and Jack White roused up and with great energy said: "Boys, let's all three get married and go to Baxter Springs on a wedding tour." Now, Jack was sweet on Kate Stewart, and had clear sailing. Billy Robinson spoke up and said: "Jack, it is well enough for you to propose marrying, as you have a cinch on your girl, while Charlie and I have not." Col. Wilson had three daughters—Jennie, Lizzie and Fannie. Billy was sweet on Fannie, and I was making faces at Lizzie, and Jennie had married Joe Ray. Billy and I did not make much headway, as a certain party was in the

way of Billy, and a certain lieutenant in the army was sweet on Lizzie. Jack married Kate that year, and Billy, some three years later married Jennie, the widow of Joe Ray, he having died in 1869, and Jack White died the same year; so these two cronies passed away. As Billy failed to make a go with Fannie he was bound to get into the family. I later on married Lizzie, and Fannie later on married T. F. Robley. These Wilson girls, I think, were among the first few white children born in Kansas fifty years ago. Lizzie and Fannie are living now, but Jennie died some three years ago.

After the war, in the summer of 1865, I commenced to haul white pine lumber from Kansas City until the railroad got here, then bought of Latshaw & Quaide, who had a lumber yard on the corner of Fifth and Delaware, where the Armour Bank building now stands, who used to fill many of my orders without a signature, they knew my writing well, I being in such a hurry when writing the orders that I forgot to sign my name. I continued this until the Gulf road got to Paola, and then hauled from there, and later on when the road got to Pleasanton I hauled from that point. I bought the white pine lumber from Kansas City parties until the railroad got to Pleasanton, and that summer the Hannibal bridge was finished at Kansas City, and I bought my lumber in Hannibal and had it shipped to Pleasanton. The first purchase I made in Hannibal was from Rowe & Toll—ten car loads. A few weeks later one Davis, of Davis, Bokee & Garth, lumber dealers of Han-

nibal, came along, and I bought a train load of thirty-six cars from the firm. I don't think to this day Brother Toll ever forgave me, as he claimed he had found and pre-empted me, and I was his meat. This same Toll is now at the head of the Badger Lumber company of Kansas City.

On the 7th day of December, 1869, the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf R. R., now known as the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis R. R., reached this point, and the days of hauling lumber by wagon was at an end. The first car of freight that came by rail to Fort Scott was a car of lath shipped to me for the old Gulf house, and I unloaded it while the engine was switching the train, so it was scattered a quarter of a mile along the track. There was a great blow out at the advent of this railroad into Fort Scott, as it was the first time a locomotive had blown its whistle this far south.

The first county fair held in Fort Scott was held in the stockade fort at the corner of National avenue and Second street, in the fall of 1865, and the second fair was held in the fall of 1866, in the government corral enclosure that had been built by the quartermaster's department during the war, about in the locality of the present Presbyterian Church. There was quite a large enclosure and there was room for a short race track, but at the time the fair was held the grasshoppers were so thick on the track that they could have no races. That fall there was a story in Kansas that the grasshoppers stopped a railroad train, whether

View of North Main Street in 1865.

this is true or not, I must say they stopped the horse races as they were from one to three inches deep on the track and plenty to spare.

In 1867 the first settlers of Fort Scott decided to have a blow-out. The following is a fac-simile of the bill of fare of the supper they had, the original having been preserved by my wife and is now in her possession.

1857. 1867

PIONEER SUPPER.

Wilder House.

Fort Scott, Kansas, Nov. 14, 1867.

BILL OF FARE.

Twelve O'clock Supper.

Soup.

Oyster. Colbert.

Fish.

Baked Black Bass. Broiled Red-horse.

Relieve.

Broiled Leg of Mutton, Caper sauce:
Wild Turkey, Braised with Oysters:
Ham, Champagne sauce: Broiled Prairie
Chicken, Parsley sauce: Rib of Antelope.
a la Regeance: Buffalo Tongue.

Cold Ornamental Dishes.

Chaudfroid of Faisant, a la Parisienne.
Pattress de foie Gras, with jelly.
Bastion of Rabbits, a la Shiloh.
Bear Tongue, a la Carlotta.
Boned Turkey, decorated with jelly.
Boned Partridge, a la Pawnee.
Brandt, ornamented with jelly.
Sunfish au Beurre, de Montpelier.

Entries.

Rissoles of Jack Snipe, a la Pompadour.
Fillet of Curlew, a la Rouenaise.
Civit of Venison, with Port wine.
Fillet of Wild Goose, a la Marmaton.
Fillet of Teal Duck, a la Drywood.
Fillet of Plover, a la Prairie.
White Crane Salad, a l'Osage.
Woodcock Fricasee, a la Wolverine.

Entries Continued.

Noix of Fawn, a la Balltown,
Coon Chops, a la Marias des Cygnes.
Sweet-bread, a la Toulouse.

Roasts.

Beef,	Wild Turkey,	Killdeer,
Buffalo,	Saddle Venison,	Gray Squirrel
Gray Duck,	Fox Squirrel,	Sage Hen,
Goose,	Wood Duck,	Crane,
Mallard,	Red-head Duck,	Black Bear,
Brandt,	Canvas-back Duck,	Gray Duck.

Opossum with Persimmon Jelly.
Butter-ball Duck.

Pastry.

Persimmon Pyramid,	Cocoanut Pyramid,
American Dessert,	Cantelope rum sauce,
Mince Pie,	Strawberry Ice Cream,
Dewberry Jelly,	Champagne Jelly,
Pumpkin Pie,	Pretzels,
Paw-Paw Pies,	Horn of Plenty.

Dessert.

Wild Fox Grapes,
Black Walnuts,
Hazel Nuts,
Butter Nuts,
Bush Cherries,
Paws Paws,
Pecans,
Apples,
Coffee.

Wine List.

Champagne.

Robinson & Co.'s Dry Verzenay.
J. Sattler & Co.'s Green Sea Imperial.
C. Haynes' Royal Rose.
Van Fossen Bros.' Gold Seal.
Linn & Stadden's Sillery Mouseaux.
A. McDonald & Bro's Monopale.
J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Dry Sillery.
Dr. J. H. Couch's Verzenay.
Dr. B. F. Hepler's Cabinet.
J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Imperial.

Claret.

Table, Medoc, Floirac, (D. Marie & Freres and Brandenburg, Freres), St. Julien, Chateau, Leoville, (first quality) Chateau Margux, Chateau Yquem, Chateau Lafitte, Chateau Griscoms.

California Wine.

Angelica, Los Angelos Vintage.
California Port, Muscatel and Hock.

Kansas Wine.

Southern Kansas Wine Co.

Imperial, W. T. Campbell's Vintage.
Sparkling Catawba, Spring River Vineyard.
H. B. Hart's Seedling "Bergunday."
Still Catawba, (very still, no noise).

Ale and Porter.

Hack's Imported (Leavenworth) Ale.
Newberry's London Porter.

Few people in Kansas would suppose that Eugene Ware, a prominent lawyer, now of Topeka, Kansas, and who has been dubbed the short-haired poet of Kansas, on account of his numerous literary productions in that line, had ever followed any other avocation for a livelihood than that he is following to-day. But this is not the case, for in September, 1867 he opened up a har-

ness shop in a one-story building that stood where J. P. Miller is to-day doing business and I must say that he could wax a thread and stitch up a suit of clothes for a horse equal to any tailor in that line and as for stuffing a collar—a butcher stuffing a sausage was not in it with Ware. A few years later he turned over his horse tailor shop to his father and took up his present profession, which was more congenial to his temperament.

In the early days of Fort Scott staging to Kansas City was quite a trip to make. When roads were good the trip was made in twenty-four hours, but there being no bridges in those days across the streams, when rainy seasons came on it was uncertain when you would get through. The last trip I made on the stage to Kansas City was in the summer of 1868, when the Kansas City railroad was built no further south than Olathe. George A. Crawford was my traveling companion, and as the weather was very wet we expected it would take us several days to get through. In those days, when going on a trip, we always needed some medicine in case of accident or snake bite. I prepared myself a small demijohn of whiskey, and Crawford, not needing so strong a drink, put up a half dozen bottles of wine. The roads were bad and the rivers high. The first day we got to a station in Linn county, the next day to Osawatomie, and laid up there one day on account of high water. The medical supplies ran out there and we had to lay in a new supply. On the fourth day after leaving Fort Scott we reached Olathe at night, and stopped at old man Lathe's hotel.

Residence Geo. Reynolds, built in 1863. As it looked thirty years ago. Stood where the Huntington Hotel now stands. The house Mayor Ray lived in when he died in 1869.

Having been acquainted with the old man in Fort Scott we were glad to see him; he was so glad to see us he said he would treat, if he had any liquor, and I said; "Lathe, you furnish the water and sugar and I guess there is enough left in this demijohn to furnish the balance." I brought out my medicine chest and I found there was enough for three good mix-ups, and we had a jovial time and felt happy because we had arrived at the end of our stage ride. The next morning we went into Kansas City on the railroad. My demijohn being empty I had tied it to my satchel. At that time there was no depot at Kansas City. An old house that stood about where the depot now is, was used for that purpose. We took a bus for the Pacific House, on the corner of Delaware and Fourth streets, the leading house at that time in Kansas City. After resting I asked for my baggage and it was missing. Col. Smith, who kept the house at that time, said to the bus man: "You had better look up the gent's baggage." Directly the man came back with my satchel, and as he walked through the office of the hotel he halloed out; "Here is a satchel and it must be yours, because it has got the Fort Scott card tied to it." The joke was so good that I had to set up the drinks for the crowd.

The drivers of the stage coaches in those days were characters. All old settlers of those stage days remember Old Dan and Red-Hot, two favorite drivers.

In the year of 1867 I planned and built the court house at Nevada. At the letting of the contract

for this court house, an amusing incident or two happened. There were a Jew and a Frenchman from Fort Scott,—the Jew was in the hide business and the Frenchman was a carpenter; so they joined hands and put in a bid to beat me out of getting the contract. Over in Nevada they were very sociable and liberal (something they had not been to me in the past) and they were wanting to treat me all the time to Missouri mountain dew. I smelled a rat in the wood pile; they wanted to get me muddled so I could not attend to business, and my guess was right, for after getting the contract I beat them at their own game, (getting them so full they could neither talk Dutch nor French) they came back to Fort Scott and said: "Damn that Pennsylvania Dutchman, we tried to get him drunk, but all we could do was to get his nose red." I had the bulge on them anyway, as I had it understood with the commissioner of building that I should put in some straw bids, and if my bid in my own name was not the lowest he would take the straw bid that was lower than the Jew and Frenchman, and I was to guarantee the bid O. K. The foreigners' bid was between my bid and my highest straw bid, and as there was no one to guarantee the other two bids which were lower, while the contract was awarded to the straw bid which I came forward and guaranteed, so the contract was let to me by proxy as you might say. The opening of this court house, which was finished in the following year, was a great social event for that time and was celebrated with a grand ball in the new court house. Parties going from

Fort Scott were the following:— George Clark and wife, Ben McDonald and wife, Joe Ray and wife, Jack White and Kate Stewart, Billy Robinson and Fannie Wilson, and myself and Lizzie Wilson. There was a large turn-out of Nevada people, and John Birdseye and wife and Charley Graves and wife did the honors to the guests from Kansas. The dance was kept up until four o'clock in the morning, when the hospitable homes of Birdseye and Graves were opened to the ladies to get a few hours sleep before starting for home. The boys made a full night of it. It was at this dance that Joe Ray fell down the stairway (there being no rail put up yet around the stair opening). Joe in whirling around in the dance with his partner, disappeared suddenly, stepping off and down he went with a crash to the bottom of the stairs. He came back immediately and we asked why he went down the stairs in that way. He said he thought he heard a fellow calling him from below to take a drink, and that was the quickest way to get there and not delay the dance. We did not come home in as gleeful a mood as we went over. The exertions of the dance and the loss of sleep told on the ladies, and the boys more or less had the big head, as the effect of too much sociability of the Nevada gentlemen, but all were pleased with the generosity and entertainment of our Nevada neighbors.

My contract price for building this court house was $21,000, to be paid for in $10,000 county bonds and the balance in county warrants. Charley Graves, now living in Nevada, was my superin-

tendent and attended to affairs when I was not there and he was a great help to me in many ways, especially in selling warrants to raise money to pay help and about every week he would come to Fort Scott with his team and take back a wagon load of beer from the brewery company here (who owed me for work done them) and sell it to the saloon men in Nevada to get money to pay the help. It was not very smooth sailing those days to build a building of that size and character, as we had to make the brick with inexperienced hands and consequently the first kiln was a failure. I was to use dry soft native lumber for sheeting for roof, but when the time came for using sheeting I could not obtain it at the mills so they let me use green hickory which was so hard I had to nail it on with fence nails. The consequence was that in a few years the large heads on the nails rusted out the tin the building was roofed with, and they had to re-roof the building with shingles. I came out all O. K. as to profit even if I had to discount warrants and bonds liberally and deal in beer to pay my way with. Shortly after I took the contract the war prices that I figured material at, fell very rapidly, enabling me to get my legitimate profit I figured those days. About the time I got the walls up ready for roofing, there was a fuss sprung up between the County Judges and Col. Pitcher, the building commissioner. They sent for me and there was all kinds of stories afloat, that the wall was crooked and cracked and that the Colonel was not doing his duty and was letting that Jayhawker

Goodlander from Kansas get the best of him and the people of Vernon County. I made a good fight for the colonel, for there was nothing the matter with the building and he was not to blame for anything, but it was no use, the colonel had to go and they appointed Dr. Dodson and he came to me and said: "Charlie, I did not want this appointment but they forced it on me and all this fuss was got up for was to put Col. Pitcher out of office, so you go ahead and finish up your contract for you know more about it than an old saw-bones like me." After that it was smooth sailing and when the contract was complete my Missouri neighbors were well pleased as the way they treated us Jayhawkers at the opening of the court house was evidence.

The same year Charley Drake and I jointly built the business house on the site where his bank building now stands. The building cost some $16,000. I took charge and built the house and furnished some material, and Charley furnished some also, and each kept a debit and credit account, and when we came to settle up, after the building was finished, Charley owed me a difference of $25.00. I think he always thought I got the best of him. The timber in this building was hauled from Osage Mission, and was cotton wood. This building caught fire and burnt down in 1876, one Sunday night when Drake and I were at church in the city hall to hear a crank preacher, and no wonder our building burnt, as it was an unusual thing for either of us to go to hear any kind of preaching, let alone this ranting dema-

gogue. Charley Drake moved his tin shop and hardware store to his part of the building and as he had prospered since he had opened up his small tinker's shop on the Plaza ten years before, he added largely to his hardware and had one of the largest and best stores in Southern Kansas. When parties would remark about Drake's big prices for goods, Charley had a habit of saying he sold at cost and carriage. A bow-legged English barber by the name of Joe Barker, who had a barber shop on the opposite side of the street from Drake, was continually harping at Drake and telling him he was certainly a very smart man if he succeeded in making the money he had by selling his goods at cost and carriage. I rented my building to Bright Brothers, dry goods merchants.

Up to 1860, I built about three-fourths of all the buildings built in Fort Scott. The Gulf House, now extinct, was built late in 1869, and opened a month after the Gulf road got here. From the year 1866 to 1870, I worked some fifty men in my building business, attending to my men during the day and my figuring and bookkeeping and fun with the boys at night, and I was generally the last man seen at night and the first in the morning.

When I came to Fort Scott there was a cavalry company here under the command of Capt. Sturgis. A month prior to the time I came, a company under Capt. Anderson had had a skirmish with Montgomery's gang at Hell's Bend on the Marmaton, and one of Sturgis' troopers was killed. There was hardly a year from 1858 to 1870 but what

C. F. Drake, born in Ohio. Came to Fort Scott in June, 1858. Now living. A prominent citizen of Fort Scott. The man that sold goods at cost and carriage and made a fortune.

there were troops here. Before the war and after the war they were regulars, and during the war volunteers. Prior to the war, troops were here on account of the border troubles, and after the war up to 1870, on account of the settlers of what was called the Neutral Lands. These lands were in the south part of this county and the counties of Crawford and Cherokee, and shortly after the war had been sold by the government to the parties that built the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad. After the purchase they were called the Joy Lands, after Col. James Joy, who backed up the building of this railroad. Prior to the sale of these lands by the government there had been a great many people settled on the land, expecting when they would come in market to use their pre-emption rights or get the land at the government price, $1.25 per acre, so when the land was bought by the railroad company, they were ordered off. They resisted, so the government to back up its sale, sent troops here to eject the settlers from the land. The settlers resisted from year to year until the railroad got as far as Fort Scott, and the Kansas City & Gulf people, being of a liberal disposition, made a compromise with the settlers that was satisfactory to those who still resided on the land and peace was restored between the railroad and the settlers, the railroad company selling the land to the actual settlers at approximately near the same price they would have had to pay the government. There were a great many officers of the regular army here during those years. The following is a list that I remember of being here, and

with whom I was personally acquainted:—Captain Sturgis, Old General Harney, Lieutenant Finch and Captain Lyons, who were here before the war. After the war, Colonel Hazen, General O'Neill, Colonel Merrill, Major Upton, Captain Romeyn, Colonel Poland, Captain Robinson, Lieutenants Kerr, Carlen, Munson and Baker. These officers did not have much to do, and they had plenty of time for social intercourse, and were all very agreeable to us citizens.

The proprietors and editors of the Fort Scott papers from 1858 to 1870 were Jim Jones, Ed Smith, Dave Emmert, W. A. Cormany, Haywood Brothers, George A. Crawford. At the time George A. Crawford was proprietor of a paper, Web Wilder was editor.

The mayors of Fort Scott from 1859 to 1870 were Joe Ray, Uncle Johnny Miller, George A. Reynolds, George Dimon. Isaac Stadden, Jack McDonald, C. F. Drake, Ben McDonald and Frank Boyle.

On July 3rd, 1869, was the opening of the bridge across the Missouri river at Kansas City. This was the first bridge built over the Missouri river, and as it was one of the events of the progress of civilization westward, it was celebrated with speeches, parades and so forth. A lot of Fort Scotters decided they would attend the celebration. They were Col. Charles Blair, T. F. Robley, Ben McDonald and wife, George Clark, Judge Brinkerhoff, Dr. Hepler, Newt. Morrison and myself. We went by stage to Paola, and there took the Kansas City and Fort Scott road to Kansas City,

that being then the southern terminus of that road. We all put up at the old Pacific House. The celebration was a grand success. I remember A. C. Dawes, the passenger agent of the Council Bluffs railroad, was marshal of the day, and quite a number of speeches were made by some of the older citizens, some of whom are dead now and some alive. As I remember, Kersey Coates, Van Horn, Tom Bullene and Major Billy Warner were among them. The next day being the Fourth of July, George Clark, Dr. Hepler, Judge Brinkerhoff, Newt. Morrison and I decided to go out to Horner's wine garden in Westport and celebrate. Blair and Robley stayed in the hotel and up in their room and did their celebrating over a case of Cook's Imperial, while Horner's native wine was good enough for us. Horner's Garden that day was well filled by the natives, among them quite a number of ladies. As we became patriotic, each one of us was to make a speech on the importance of the day. There was quite a flow of frontier oratory. When I made my speech you bet it was a spread eagle, and in the course of my patriotic language I slipped some words that were not very suitable for the ears of the ladies and I apologized to my audience. Old Man Horner got up and waving his hand said: "Go ahead, all right, the ladies no understand what you say," they all being Germans. "Thanks," I said, "I will in the balance of my talk control my tongue." After celebrating at Horner's Garden we went to the Harris Hotel and engaged all the spring chickens for a Fourth of July supper. While we

were there Ben McDonald and A. C. Dawes drove up, accompanied by their wives, and wanted a spring chicken supper. Old Man Harris said: "I have none left, as there is a gang in the house eating all I have," so Ben and Dawes to get anything to eat, had to drive back to Kansas City. Some of the Westport parties took exception to some of our actions and were going to have us arrested, but there happened to be a Major Lewis living there whom we knew when he was in Fort Scott with the army. He came forward and told the Westporters who we were and that we were only doing what all good Americans should do, celebrating the Glorious Fourth. They, finding out who we were, joined in with the fun. So ended our celebration of the opening of the first bridge across the Big Muddy.

The M. K. & T. railroad was built in here on December 7th, 1870. Just one year to a day after the Gulf. At the time of the change of our town from a stage and ox-team to a railroad town some of us boys, though old boys by this time, concluded we must have a club-house to entertain new-comers; so A. McAllister, H. S. Curry, B. E. Langdon, T. F. Robley, Tom Linn, Al Campbell and myself organized a club and called it the "Joss Club." We entertained quite a number of men of note in Kansas of that date. Among them the Rev. Kallock Rossington, Editor Prouty, Sheriff Lowe, and a number of others. We used to have any amount of amusement, and entertained in royal style. At this time a brother of mine from Illinois made his first visit to Fort Scott,

and I said: "Boys, we must treat him royally." Among one of our amusements now and then, I used to give the Indian dance. Now my brother wore a wig, and none of the "Joss" boys knew it, so after we had passed the flowing bowl of refreshments, the boys said: "Charley, you must show your eastern brother the war dance." My brother was seated in the center of the room and the boys seated around the wall, so, after rolling up my pants and putting a red blanket over my shoulders, and the handle of a feather duster down the back of my neck to make a plume, my face being reddened by the refreshments we had had, I looked a complete Indian, so I went through the corn dance, and the rain dance, and the war dance and others, and at last, as a wind-up, with scalp dance, and in the twinkling of an eye, I scalped my brother as bald headed as an egg. The boys in their great surprise gave one howl and rolled off their chairs onto the floor convulsed with laughter. My brother was very much chagrined at my action, but after the emptying of a basket of champagne he became reconciled to the ways of the woolly west. Champagne in those days was not any too good for us.

The Joss club, through the influence of Capt. Charley Morris, got a six pound gun and carriage from Jefferson barracks, and named it "The Joss" and used to give an evening salute at the headquarters, afterwards this gun was used to fire a salute of nine guns when a member of the Joss Club got married. In later years the gun became the property of the Goodlander mill, and in 1876

when the mill blew up, it being about the only asset I had left of the mill I sold it to parties at Wamego, Kansas. One day the boys concluded to have some fun, and made a very large kite, which took an ordinary clothes line to hold, and one night when there was a good breeze blowing after dark they tied a small pig to the tail of the kite, and it being up in the dark the boys had a laugh on the inhabitants, who had been attracted by the squeal of the pig in the air. It caused considerable consternation, and great crowds came in the direction of the Joss House, and said the Joss Club was up to some more deviltry. The Joss boys soon began to get married, as they were of age, and broke up the club.

As I have now about concluded my memoirs and recollections of the early days of Fort Scott, up to the advent of railroads, thinking it may be interesting to the readers of this volume, to know the history of the early stages of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf, and the M. K. & T. Railroads, I will give give my recollection of it. I may not be entirely correct, for it is all from memory, as the preceding pages have been. I hope any one who reads these pages, and remembers better than I do, will kindly pardon any error that I have made as I never kept a diary in my life, and never carried a memorandum book to note down events. But I will give the history of the two roads as best I can from my memory.

The M. K. & T. Railroad originated from an old charter taken out before the war, called the

THE JOSS CLUB.

C. W. Goodlander.

T. F. Robley. T. W. Lynn.

Hi Currie. Bert Langdon.

Col. A. McAllister.

All living but Col. McAllister.

Tebo & Neosho Railroad. Col. Wilson and Geo. A. Crawford of Fort Scott and some parties up along the Mo. Pac. Railroad east of Sedalia in Missouri were connected in the charter for this road. Now where Tebo was I do not know, and never did, but I judge it was the name of a stream just as Neosho is, so I suppose the charter's limit was from the Tebo River in Missouri to the Neosho River in Kansas. The war broke out shortly after the charter was obtained. I have no knowledge of much work having been done on it, in the way of surveys or any other work. After the closing the war the matter of this road was taken up by the citizens of Fort Scott, and a citizen of Scott Township by the name of Thomas Wilson, was put on the route between this point and the Tebo, to work up a franchise. Old Col. Tom as we called him, with his mule, tramped back and forth over the route, getting some encouragement here and there but not very successful as a whole. He returned to Fort Scott again and again somewhat discouraged, and Crawford, Wilson, Drake and others—would encourage him, furnish him spending money, and send him out again. Tom stuck to the enterprise like a tick, until he got considerable encouragement. During his work on this road Charlie Drake named him Tebo Wilson, and he was generally called that up to the time of his death a few years ago. By his exertions and the encouragement he received from the citizens of Fort Scott, this route began to show to the people of capital the feasibility of a railroad. The old Tebo charter in 1867 was merged

into that of the M. K. & T. Railroad, the starting point in Missouri being Sedalia. Col. Jaynes and Judge Newkirk were the leading spirits. Newkirk was elected president and Jaynes treasurer of the road. They associated with them Bob Stevens of New York, at that time a noted railroad builder. They secured subsidies from counties in Missouri through which the road would pass, and this county (Bourbon of Kansas) voted $150,000. The officers of the road proposed to Fort Scott, if they would vote $75,000 additional they would make Fort Scott headquarters and build here the first shops for the road southwest of Sedalia. These bonds were voted. After this Newkirk and Jaynes bought 108 acres of land (in the locality of the Normal schools) just outside the city limits at that time, on which to erect the depot and shops, and the line of the road, about south of Osbun's farm, was surveyed through Newkirk's and Jaynes' land, through what is now called East Fort Scott. Now comes the first Waterloo Fort Scott had. In the contract between the city and the railroad the depot was to be located within the city limits, and a petition was presented to the mayor and council to take in this 108 acres of land as the Newkirk and Jaynes addition to Fort Scott. This petition was endorsed by Col. Wilson, Geo. A. Crawford, C. F. Drake, B. P. McDonald and a large majority of the property holders of Fort Scott, but with all they could do they could not get that idiotic mayor and council to take that addition into the city limits. Their objection was, it would build up a rival town, and hurt the property they

owned at the junction of Main and Market and along Market street, and kill the location of the town at that date. They were so narrow minded that they could not see if we had a larger town we must have more room to build. The mayor and majority of the council's refusal to take in this addition angered the officers of the road and Bob Stevens in his anger said "damn Fort Scott, I'll build the road south west along the Marmaton, (it being a better line any way) to the junction of a road at that time building from Junction City south along the Neosho river, called the Valley Route, and build a town there." The town he built is the Parsons of today—so the city of Fort Scott today can blame the imbecile mayor and council who were in authority at that time, that Fort Scott is not a city of 30,000 instead of the dwarf it is today. This act 30 years ago caused an ill feeling between the people of Fort Scott and the M. K. & T. Railroad which exists today to some extent.

The chief engineer of the road, if I remember rightly, was Major O. B. Gunn, now living the life of a gentlemen of leisure in Kansas City, Mo. The chief contractor was John Scullin, who today is a prosperous citizen of St. Louis and prominent in street railroads of that city. I have met him there in late years. He holds his age well and also a tight grip on the fortune he has made by hard work in thirty or forty years of close application to business.

The Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf, as it was called when first built, originated in Kansas City about 1865. Col. Kersey Coates was the leading

spirit and its first president, by his exertions and other capitalists of Kansas City, they began building this road late in 1866 and built out as far as Olathe, where it stopped for a time on account of capital. In 1868, Col. James Joy, of Detroit, Mich., became interested in the road and under his control and management it was built through to Baxter Springs. Bonds were also voted to this road by Bourbon county to the amount of $150,000. Fort Scott I think had some little promises of getting shops for this road, but no contract. In the early days of the road, B. P. McDonald and I made a trip to Detroit to see Col. Joy, in the interest of having the shops located at Fort Scott. We were so successful that in a short time Col. Joy gave orders to build shops here, and now comes another black eye to Fort Scott. When Col. Coates received this order from Col. Joy, he went to work and unearthed an old contract that had been made with the mayor and city council of Kansas City, (that for a certain consideration the first shops must be built at Kansas City) so it was goodbye to Fort Scott's show for shops. There has always been a kindly feeling between our people and the Kansas City and Fort Scott Railroad. There was one experience in the history of these two roads, which I think is not generally known. In the late 60's the government gave to the first railroad that would reach the north boundary of the Indian Territory in the neighborhood of Neosho Valley, the right of way through the Territory, so there was a race between the M. K. & T. and the Gulf to claim this right of way.

When the Gulf Road was at Columbus, there is no doubt but that they would have gained this right of way if they had built from Columus to Chetopa, as they could have done so and beaten the M. K. & T., but when the Gulf got to Columbus there were bonds offered them to go to Baxter Springs and the temptation was too great for them to resist. They built to Baxter and reached the Indian country in that locality, thinking they could claim the right of way just as well at that point as further west. But, as the order of the government read "The Neosho Valley," the M. K. & T. having built their road to Chetopa, which was in the Neosho Valley at the north border of the Indian Territory, was immediately granted the right of way through the Indian country and forthwith built their road through to Denison, Texas, and for years Baxter Springs was the terminal of the Gulf Railroad.

The chief engineer of the Gulf Railroad was Mr. Chanute, who I think is now living in Michigan, connected with some railroad there. The chief contractor, when their road was built through Fort Scott, was Pope Sheldin, who is now a prominent citizen of Kansas City. I met him there only a few months ago and talked over the early days of railroads reaching Fort Scott. Hi Diggins, now living in Springfield, Mo., was conductor on the first passenger train run into Fort Scott, which was the excursion train at the opening of the K. C., F. S. & M. Railroad into Fort Scott.

I could have given many more historical, interesting and amusing incidents of Fort Scott's early

days than I have, but my intention was to only issue a pamphlet instead of a book, and still give the reader a good idea of Fort Scott as a frontier town.

Having now written of some of those incidents, which occurred under my personal observation, during the era covered by the daily use of the steady going ox team and rumbling, rollicking stage coach, in the city of Fort Scott, and being reminded that I have arrived at that point, in time, when the locomotive and telegraph lines made their advent into our little city, I will close, with no apology to offer for bad grammar, errors or uncouth language that may have slipped from my pen in relating the contents of this booklet.

H. T. WILSON.
One of the fathers of Fort Scott.

HIERO. TENNANT WILSON.

Col. Hiero Tennant Wilson, whose picture embellishes the pages of this booklet, was born near Russelville, Logan county, Kentucky, September 2, 1806. His parents were Virginians; his father, Samuel Wilson, had been a soldier in the Revolutionary war. Col. Wilson was raised on a farm and acquired a common school education; when grown he went to Russelville and secured a clerkship in a store where he learned something of the mercantile life. In 1834 he moved from Kentucky to Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, to assist his brother, Thomas E. Wilson, who was the Post Sutler and Indian trader at that point. He remained there until 1843, when he was appointed by the secretary of war as Post Sutler of Fort Scott, which had been established as a military post the previous year. He came to Fort Scott in '43, thus becoming the first citizen that lived here. Besides being Post Sutler and doing business with the military, he extended his business with the people of Western Missouri and the Indians. The tribe with which he traded most, was the Osage, whose headquarters at that time were at the Osage Mission, (now known as St. Paul) some thirty-eight miles southwest of Fort Scott. This was a Catholic Mission, established

some years before our town. The Colonel soon learned the language of the Osages, having acquired the Cherokee and Creek while at Fort Gibson. He became very popular with this tribe: they termed him the Big White Chief. The Colonel always treated them as kindly as he would one of his own race: he was popular with the military of the Post and retained his position of Sutler until the Post was abandoned, in 1853. He continued in the mercantile business after the abandonment of the Post, which was left solely in charge of Orderly Sergeant Reed. The property was then advertised for sale and Major Howe came with an auctioneer to sell the buildings. The government had no claim to the land on which the buildings stood, as there was no reservation at this Post. Col. Wilson protested the sale, claiming his right under the pre-emption law of 1841. Previous to the sale quite a number of people had occupied the houses and some were then residing in them. The sale was made April 16, 1855, and from it the government realized less than $5,000 of the $200,000 which the Post improvements had cost. The loss was due to the government not establishing a military reservation, and to Col. Wilson's suggestion that each purchaser should only buy just what he wanted for his own use, (and not for speculation). There was no complaint. Each bought a home for himself. Colonel Wilson bought one of these houses and lived in it until the day of his death.

After the abandonment of the Post and sale of buildings he continued in the mercantile business and built up a good trade. In 1858 he took as

partners, Joseph Ray of Michigan, and S. B. Gordon of Jefferson City, Mo., the firm bearing the name of Wilson, Gordon & Ray. Ray and Gordon were twins, both having been born on November 25, same year, one in Michigan and one in Missouri--afterwards to meet and form a partnership. This firm sold in '66 or '67 to McCord Brothers. Col. Wilson then handled real estate and insurance until old age prevented him from attending to business. After the Fort was abanoned in 1855, a town company was formed by Col. Wilson and some of the parties that lived here at that time, but it did not make much headway.

In the summer of 1857, George A. Crawford, in company with a party consisting of Eddy, Holbrook and some others from the States, came to Fort Scott and took Col. Wilson in with them and bought out the first company and formed the Fort Scott Town Company with George A. Crawford as President, Col. Wilson as Secretary and Treasurer. Crawford and Wilson being the only resident members of the company had full sway in handling the property. In selling lots they gave bond for a deed until they could get a title from the government to the land, which was obtained in the fall of 1860. Col. Wilson was looked upon as the Father of Fort Scott. He has held office in First Territory Legislature, County Commissioner of Bourbon county and member of the City Council, only because the interests of the community seemed to require it: he was never an office seeker. He took an active part in getting railroads to Fort Scott. He was one of the principal parties

in the organization of the Tebo & Neosho Railroad Co. that was a forerunner of the M., K. & T. Railroad that now runs through Fort Scott. The county of Wilson was named for him, also Wilson street.

His parents were of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, but the Colonel was not a member of any church, but was liberal to all: and if there ever was an upright, honest, conscientious man, he was one,—temperate in his habits, straightforward in his dealings with his fellow man, he was an example for any church member to take pattern from.

He was married in Pettis county, Mo., near Booneville, to Elizabeth C. Hogan, daughter of Gen. David Hogan; one of a large family of children, by whom he had three children: Virginia T., Elizabeth C. and Fannie W. These daughters were educated at the old Visitation Convent on Cass Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. He was originally a Whig, but since the settlement of Kansas he always affiliated with the Democratic party. He was a great admirer of Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, (was personally acquainted with Taylor and Clay). He named his three daughters for these three noted men: Virginia Taylor, Elizabeth Clay and Fannie Webster.

Col. Wilson was of the Chesterfieldian style, a Southerner born, a refined gentlemen in all respects; of large stature, six feet two inches in height, weighing 206 pounds and well proportioned; kind to all, and as polite to the humblest servant as to the man of wealth; exceedingly neat in his attire and regular as a clock in his habits; he was firm

in his convictions and never swayed from what he thought right. He was admired, honored and respected by his fellow citizens. He died in August, 1892, at the good old age of 86, mourned by all who knew him. His good wife died three years later.

GEORGE ADDISON CRAWFORD.

Geo. A. Crawford was born July 27, 1827, in Clinton county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Judge Geo. Crawford and Elizabeth Quigley Crawford, his father was of Scotch-Irish and his mother of German descent. He received his early education at a school presided over by his father, and finished his education at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. The first money that he earned was in Salem, Ky., where he went with some other students to teach the young blue grass generation of that date: among them relatives of President Zachary Taylor. The fall of 1847 he joined hands with his room mate, Sam Simmons, in the management of a select school at Canton, Miss., (by the way this same Sam Simmons to whom he introduced me some forty years ago is still living in St. Louis, where he has resided for some fifty years). A year or so later Geo. A. returned to his Pennsylvania home, and undertook the profession of law, during these studies he became editor of a Lockhaven paper. He took an active part in the politics of the day. In 1853 he accepted a clerkship in the post office department in Washington, D. C. From that date until May, 1857, the most of his time was spent in the city of Washington. While there he took an active part

GEO. A. CRAWFORD.
One of the fathers of Fort Scott.

in politics. Among the different parties who were up for office from 1850 to 1857 was Gov. Packer, who when elected offered him the position of secretary of state, which Mr. Crawford declined. In the spring of 1857 he concluded to take Horace Greely's advice and go west. I have often thought that if he had remained in his native state, instead of coming west he would have filled many important offices in politics. I first met him in the summer of 1857, when he came to Fulton City, Ill., to see his friend, William Gallagher, a Pennsylvanian. A month or so later Mr. Gallagher told me he was going to Kansas and had arranged with Mr. Crawford to go with him. The next time I met him was in St. Louis, December 2, 1857. He told me he had been out to Kansas and had established the town of Fort Scott and wanted me to go there with him. I told him I had paid my fare to Pittsburg via the Mississippi & Ohio River to visit my mother that winter before going farther west, but promised him I would come to Fort Scott the following spring, which I did; so Crawford and Gallagher were the cause of me locating in Fort Scott.

In the summer of '57 he met some parties in Lawrence, consisting of Eddy, Holbrook and others and went to Fort Scott (which at that time was an abandoned Fort) and bought a claim of some 320 acres of land, (the land at that time not being in market by the government for sale) and laid out the present Fort Scott. He took into the company Col. H. T. Wilson, who at that time was the mercantile business and had been sutler at this Post. George A. Crawford was made Presi-

dent and H. T. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer of the Town Company, they being the only resident members of the company, handled the property to the best advantage. These two men worked in perfect harmony and were a good team, but mated in size as a Norman horse and a Shetland pony. As they went about town transacting business, they reminded one of father and twelve-year old son.

In the early days of Fort Scott in the time of border ruffians and jayhawkism, Mr. Crawford took a very important part. He was the leader of the law and order party and was between the two fires and was in danger of being burnt, but ran the gauntlet and came out ahead. After the border troubles were all over, his main aim was to build up Fort Scott. At the same time he took an important part in politics in the early days of Kansas, and no man did more for the good of the state than Little George, as we used to call him. As fast as he received money for lots sold he invested it in improvements as he thought best to help his idol, Fort Scott. In 1863 he built the first flouring mill in Southern Kansas, on the banks of the Marmaton, and later on about the close of the war, he built adjoining this a large woolen factory for manufacturing cloth, the first I think built west of the Mississippi river. This was quite a venture in business of that line, for so frontier a town as Fort Scott. (I have worn several suits made from cloth woven at Crawford's Woolen Mills). He was not content with what he had done in the way of manufacturing interests,

but still progressive, built the first foundry and machine shops here, in 1869 I think. About the same time he became sole owner of the Monitor, our leading paper, and connected with it a book bindery. A year or so previous, he and his associates established the town of Osage Mission.

In 1871 he was elected one of the committee of the Kansas State Agricultural Society. The same year he was appointed by President Grant Commissioner for Kansas to the Centennial Fair to be held in 1876. He applied himself closely to the interests of this fair, from the time of his appointment until the close of '76. The credit that Kansas received at the Centennial was wholly due to the energy and management of Mr. Crawford. May, 1877, he went to Short Creek, the newly discovered lead regions, helping start a town there, but I don't think he ever gathered any moss in the venture. In 1870 Mr. Crawford's woolen and flouring mills were destroyed by fire, which proved a severe loss, as he was without insurance. Some years later on his foundry and machine shops and paper and book bindery becoming a financial failure in the hard times that Fort Scott experienced from '74 to '78, he concluded to strike out for Colorado, which at that time was considered the frontier, full of danger and hardships.

His experienced eye told him that it was the land for his second attempt to lay out and build up a town and retrieve what he had lost in Kansas. He looked around and selected a site at the junction of Grand and Gunnison Rivers and believed

this was a place for a city. He formed a Town Company and located the now present Grand Junction. He renewed his old time energy; caused ditches to be built to supply the town with water, erected a hotel, planted shade trees, established brick yards and other industries, and liberally advertised the town from Maine to California. He founded the Grand Junction Star and was president of the Grand Junction Publishing Co. He had a hand in every industry that built up Grand Junction, and by his exertions and enterprise he retrieved the fortunes he had lost.

But Little George did not live to enjoy the fruits of his industry, as he died in that city on the 29th of January, 1891; (by the way, this date was the anniversary of the admission of the State of Kansas, "his first love," into the Union). The article in regard to his death published in the Grand Junction Star, which gives him no more credit than he deserved, I think most appropriate in regard to this biography:

GEOGE ADDISON CRAWFORD.

The brave little governor is gone. A life struggle with death is ended, and one of the grand heroic souls that men love in life and venerate in death, has gone to the Great Beyond. Death has never claimed a more determined opponent, and life never possessed a more useful and active servant. An invalid from infancy, the life period of Geo. A. Crawford of over sixty years was spent in a continual battle with sickness and disease, sustained only by a will power remarkable in intensity, and an intellect wonderful in extent.

To most men the life bestowed upon Gov. Crawford would have been a burden to self and friends; but through his wonderful will, his genius for leadership, his quiet intelligence and bright, kindly disposition life was made a grand success; and a blessing to self and fellowmen. He was never discouraged, he never gave up, and he was never aught else but a true, kindly gentleman. Those who knew him as he stood on the banks of the Grand and looked across on the wild sage brush country in which he then proposed to found a city, cannot forget the bright prophecies then so clearly foretold. Those who have struggled with him, over desperate adversities that followed for seven long years will never forget the cheering smile, and ringing words of encouragement that caused adversity to become prosperity, and not one will ever forget that on all occasions the Little Governor was always a gentleman. Much as all had admired him in the past, the heroic struggle made the last three months with death has but increased that admiration. In this struggle there was no fear of death, but a wish, a true unselfish wish to behold the city he had founded and did so much to build, become what it is surely destined to become, a grand and glorious city. Grand Junction is the crowning work of Gov. Crawford, and many a citizen not only in Mesa County, but in the entire state will grieve that his dream could not have become with him a reality, and yet while we grieve it is with a deep pride of true citizenship that we feel and know that he belonged to Mesa county and western Colorado.

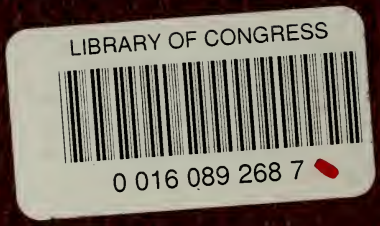
Successful in his youth in his native state, a distinguished and respected citizen in the state of Kansas, honored throughout the entire nation, he came with all the honors that state and nation could bestow, to create in the wilds of Western Colorado, a city which would become the crowning work, and triumph of his life; he well succeeded. but his success, as many such triumphs have been, has been crowned with death. Many will mourn, many a tear will be shed o'er the grave of the brave little man, whose life filled with adversity and affliction, yet became, through a magnificent will and genius, the most earnest and useful we have ever known."

Geo. H. Crawford, or Gov. Grawford as he was commonly called in Kansas, as well as his new home Grand Junction, was inclined to literature, but his ill health compelled him to abandon it. Little George was a bachelor, but quite a ladies' man. He was never more content than when surrounded by the ladies. But from rumors afloat at the time of his death, if death had not claimed him a fascinating widow, whom he had met the previous summer, at the sea shore, would have become his wife before the opening of the spring buds of '92. He after forty years or more mingling with the ladies, succumbed as the most of men to Cupid's arrow. He was not a church member but the churches had no warmer friend than he, both in attendance and support. He was considered something of a politician in the early days of Kansas and was what we then termed a Free State Democrat. Later on in the late 60's

and in the 70's up to the time of his leaving Kansas, he was what I would call a conservative republican.

The appellation of governor arose from his having once been nominated for that high position in Kansas. He was quite an orator and I have heard him make some fine speeches. The worst trouble was that his physique was too feeble for his brain and his strength failed him, when he was most interesting. He enjoyed the frolics of the boys in the early days of our town, but was usually a looker on, as his strength prevented him from being a participant, and was never happier than when he had a good joke on some one of them. He was of a happy disposition, and he enjoyed seeing others happy. Everybody liked him, and enjoyed his society and there was not an old Fort Scotter that knew him, but that mourned when he left Fort Scott, and doubly so when they heard of his death.

Goodlander Hotel, built 1888. J. F. Letton, Prop.
Rates—$2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day.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